THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XXXVI. SPRING NUMBER, 1940 No. 254
Published 1st March

THE DICKENSIAN

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING
Postage One Penny

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

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"THE DICKENSIAN"

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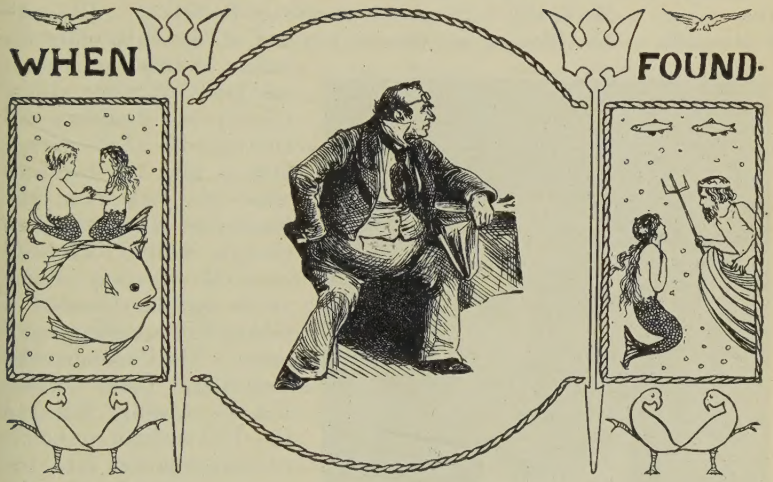
KNITTED COMFORTS

A LADIES' Knitting Party has commenced working at The Dickens House, and it is hoped that a steady stream of woollen comforts will leave The House for the use of the three Services. Mrs. Major is making all arrangements and she would be pleased to hear from ladies desirous of joining these parties.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that gifts of wool (khaki, navy and air-force blue) or the cash to purchase it, are urgently needed and would be gratefully received at Doughty Street. Thus it will be seen that this effort need not be confined to knitters. Gentlemen, please note !

Ladies who are knitting for the Forces in their own homes are cordially invited to send their completed garments (or purchased ones) to swell the Fellowship's contribution.

Vol. XXXVI. SPRING 1940 No. 254



Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE Dickens Fellowship, now in the thirty-eighth year of its existence, must necessarily suffer by the loss of important officers and members, but never so much as during the last few months. The sudden death of Mr. S. J. Rust in December was an unexpected and cruel blow. He was the sixth Hon. Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, and the first to die in harness. He was in his sixty-third year. A short appreciation of him appears on another page.

This loss came close upon the news of the death of two branch secretaries: Mr. W. W. Bell, of Bath, who was well known to a large number of members through the excellent work he put into the Conferences there, and Mr. Victor Ackroyd, of Vancouver. The latter did good and lasting work for his branch, and we shall miss his bright and highly interesting letters.

In January, we had to mourn the loss of Lady Dickens, who passed away at the age of 88. Lady Dickens was the widow of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, the last surviving son, who died a few years ago. Until almost the last she was most active, and as her years advanced, her interest in the Dickens Fellowship seemed to increase, and she was always to be seen at our more important functions. We have a particularly pleasing memory of her when she travelled with us to Portsmouth and back in one day during the Pickwick Centenary Celebrations four years ago; no mean feat for a lady of her years. Although she never knew her illustrious father-in-law, we always regarded her as the very last link in the personal chain, and the Fellowship is much the poorer for the passing of a delightful personality.

* * * * *

The New Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship.

The Dickens Fellowship has been fortunate in securing as a successor to the late Mr. S. J. Rust, the services of Mr. Leslie C. Staples as Honorary Secretary. Although Mr. Staples has been a member of the Fellowship for over twenty-five years (he joined it when still a minor) his business activities did not permit him to give the requisite time to serve on the Executive Committee, although invited on more than one occasion. Some years ago he founded a select coterie, calling themselves " The Uncommercial Travellers' Club," which has successfully followed the Pickwickian principle of investigation into the remotest parts of the country. In addition to this he has travelled widely in most countries of Europe.

Photo by] [*Lafayette*

The Fellowship is greatly indebted to Mr. Staples for undertaking the responsible post in these unsettled times ; his heart is in his work, and he looks to the unstinted support of his fellow members to lighten his task in steering the Fellowship.

* * * * *

Our Western Front.

The first fruits of the seeds sown on this page in December have been derived from two of our smaller U.S.A. Branches. Chester (Pa.), the first branch to be established in America nearly thirty-eight years ago, has decided that every member shall have *The Dickensian* as a part of the subscription. (It is not for me to ask how it is that any branch can suffer to see that every one of its members does not have their own magazine regularly !) and from Worcester (Mass.) comes a letter which has affected us deeply ; enclosed with it was a gift of twenty-five dollars (£6 6s. 9d.) " to be used for the work of the Fellowship, which undoubtedly requires additional funds in these difficult times." The letter continues : " We in this country are fortunately not directly engaged in the War, but most of us are interested in the cause of decent, humane civilisation and our good wishes accompany this gift."

Who Follows ? There's a good lead ; who follows ? To-day the world is divided into two camps—friends and enemies. You who read this are friends of the Dickens cause, and each one is doing his (or her) little bit to help that cause along ; but the more substantial help in the form of cash is urgently required to keep the Dickens Fellowship alive. It has taken over the responsibility of the Dickens House for the time being, and that requires funds ; the House is closed ; no admission fees are collected ; no profitable souvenirs are sold. But expenses run on ; there is mortgage interest to be paid each half-year ; there are running expenses for caretaking and heating, as the valuable property must be preserved. Are you a Friend ? Of course you are ! Then see that your fellow-members subscribe to *The Dickensian* ; it makes a profit, although a small one in these times, and all its profit goes to the funds of the Fellowship. Then, become a Friend of the Dickens House, by subscribing five shillings—or more—annually, and use your best efforts with your Branch to see that it becomes a Friend by promising an annual subscription. Please DO IT NOW ; the need is great and urgent.

* * * * *

A Suggestion from " Down Under." Mr. H. J. Allison, the Hon. Secretary of the Adelaide Branch, served in the army from 1914-20 and the only literature he possessed during many months in the trenches was a little book of Dickens Gems, which had been enclosed in a parcel of socks and tobacco kindly sent by one of the Comforts' Funds. He makes a very timely suggestion ; that all Dickensians contributing to such funds should see that a similar Dickens book is enclosed in each of their parcels. " This little book," writes Mr. Allison, " became, in a sense, my Bible, and the wisdom and beautiful thoughts in it cheered me on my weary way."

* * * * *

We Can't do without Dickens. Dickens *will* keep cropping up. " The Sunday Times " recently reminded us that, " now more than ever in our lives, we want fewer Mrs. Gummidges and more Mark Tapleys." To that we might add, less Micawbers, and no Barnacles. Writing on the subject of the latter in the " Manchester Guardian," Mr. Ivor Brown has coined a new Dickensian word, " Barnacular " as representing the official jargon of the government departments which, as he rightly remarks, is happily fast disappearing.

* * * * *

How Not To Do It. The Barnacles and their lesson remind us that Canterbury should receive a note of warning. Years ago somebody located a house in that delightful city as eminently suitable to be the home of Mrs. Heep and her son. In course of time, that house was demolished ; but Dickens lives, so a fresh house was marked as the abode of the heap of infamy. A few weeks ago one of our Vice-Presidents purchased, at a shop close to the cathedral, a picture post-card bearing the imprint of J. G. Charlton, Canterbury,

showing a house in Lady Woottons Green, and titled, " Where *David Copperfield* was written." Nothing could be farther from the truth, and the sooner that post-card is withdrawn the better. We can pardon the Uriah Heep absurdity, but not this.

* * * * *

A Pickwick Problem. A correspondent sends a Pickwick perplexity, which we do not think has been noted before. It occurs in Chapter 33. When Mr. Pickwick asks Mr. Perker how soon Dodson and Fogg can arrest him, he is told, not until " next term " ; but when Sam Weller wishes to join his master in the Fleet, he gets himself arrested the same day as the debt is incurred. How was it done ? Perhaps some reader well versed in the law of a hundred years ago can explain.

* * * * *

Pickwick on the Dutch Stage. A Dutch version of *The Pickwick Papers* was produced in November last at the Hague. It was the work of Mr. Johan de Meester, an experienced and capable producer well-known in the Netherlands. It concerns itself principally with the Bardell incidents ; Mr. de Meester plays Jingle and Mr. Adolf Engers, Pickwick. The Dutch correspondent of " The Times " refers to it as " an attempt to present the essential *Pickwick* in a condensed form, specially adapted to the tastes and capacities of the twentieth century theatre audience."

* * * * *

Who, What, and Why. Finding how much appreciated in these days have been the pages of extracts and queries which we have regularly published for some years past, we have decided on a slight increase in them, which we hope will be welcomed. Re-reading portions of *Our Mutual Friend* the other day we came across the following extract which we thought very applicable to this occasion. " Lady Tippins, relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted in mistake for somebody else by His Majesty King George the Third, who, while performing the ceremony was graciously pleased to observe, ' What what, what ? Who, who who ? Why, why why ? ' "

* * * * *

Dickens, a Burgess of Edinburgh. Mr. Henry Charles Dickens has presented to the Corporation of the City of Edinburgh, for their Museum at Huntley House, the certificate presented to his grandfather on June 29th, 1841, when he was admitted as a Burgess and Guild Brother of Edinburgh by the then Lord Provost, Sir James Forrest of Comiston. This, it will be recalled, was the first public recognition of Dickens.

* * * * *

A Dickens cross-word puzzle by Mrs. Baldwin appears in " The Times Literary Supplement " for the week ending February 24th.

* * * * *

A reader has sent me this excellent anagram of the title of a Dickens book, " Boys on Demand." Further attempts cordially welcomed.

WALTER DEXTER.

THE SKETCHES BY "BOZ"

BY ERNEST BOLL, Ph.D.

WE gain something worth while when, to our enjoyment of the individual writings of an author we add an understanding of his works as a comprehensive whole. We enjoy a person's sense of humour, or his good taste in clothes, or his power of quick sympathy, and dislike his bad temper, his penuriousness, or his accent; but we do not understand him until we make an effort to knit together the various threads of his nature into a complete pattern. The truth applies to a man's traits and to a man's books.

There are really many kinds of threads we can use to gather together an author's works: characters, situations, devices of craftsmanship, direct revelation, and many more. Some of the characters created by Dickens had an imaginative life in *Sketches by Boz* before they joined the novels. Naturally, we find more of them in the earlier novels than in the later. In three of them we see figures that were later to be called Nancy and Bill Sikes. They are a drunkard ruffian and the loyal, uncomplaining wife whom he neglects or beats. In the sketch, *The Hospital Patient*, the woman, before she dies of her husband's blows and kicks, protests to the police that she had hurt herself. The prostitute in the sketch, *The Pawnbroker's Shop*, whose eyes fill with tears at sight of a young woman and her mother pawning their last pieces of modest jewelry, might well have been Nancy. In the sketch, *Meditations in Monmouth Street*, there walks a stout broad-shouldered ruffian with a dog at his heels. It is Bill Sikes preparing for his life in *Oliver Twist*.

That amusing Mr. Dawkins, the Artful Dodger, who stars in the Bow Street Police Court in a burlesque drama of indignation over the blindness of English law, makes an anonymous appearance as a lad in Old Bailey, in the sketch, *Criminal Courts*. The lad insists that fifteen gentlemen are waiting outside to vindicate his character. Like the Artful Dodger, he invites the court attendants to carry him off if they want him out, and he too relishes his little heroic scene before a kindred audience, the same kind of audience that still waits in a long queue in Newgate Street on mornings during Sessions.

The kill-joy was an impressive and very much loathed reality to Dickens. Gabriel Grub in *Pickwick Papers*, Scrooge in the *Carol*, Tackleton the toy manufacturer in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Mr. Dombey, and Gradgrind and M'Choakumchild in *Hard Times* are the main impersonations of the character of the kill-joy. We find him already in the sketch, *The Bloomsbury Christening*, under the truly depressing name of Nicodemus Dumps. Dumps enjoys only making everybody round him wretched. At the christening supper in honour of his nephew's first born he makes a doleful speech. He names all the evils the child might cause its parents to suffer, all of which misfortunes Dumps solemnly hopes the parents may be spared. He goes home

pleased with the misery he leaves behind him. This kill-joy is not converted.

Dickens did not idealise his materials so much then as he was to idealise them later. One example of that contentment with the usual is the continued misanthropy of Dumps. Another is found in the story of *The Drunkard's Death*. There we observe that the drunkard's daughter, who has kept house for him, ill as she was, deserts her father after he has in drunken carelessness turned informer against his son. The later Dickens would not have allowed this desertion to occur.

The majority of the characters in these youthful stories and sketches are, very naturally, young men of many kinds. Those two clerks, Thomas Potter and Robert Smithers realistic heroes of *Making a Night of It*, are very interesting for several reasons. The most important is that they are completely alive. The second is that Robert Smithers is a miniature self-portrait of Charles Dickens. Another is that they foreshadow those other gay young friends, Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer in *Pickwick*, Herbert Pocket and Pip in *Great Expectations*, Lightwood and Wrayburn in *Our Mutual Friend*. The gay young man is broadly comical as Dick Swiveller in *Old Curiosity Shop*, sinister as Steerforth in *David Copperfield*, pathetic as Richard Carstone in *Bleak House*, falsely glamourous as James Harthouse in *Hard Times*, despicably selfish as Tip Dorrit. He is irreclaimable and yet heroic as Sydney Carton. Sydney Carton died on the guillotine, but he was brought back to life again as Eugene Wrayburn, and reclaimed to virtue.

The agreeable young men, who are so happy when they are helping somewhere: Tupple in the sketch *The New Year*, and Percy Noakes, the manager of *The Steam Excursion*, and a "devilish good fellow"; continued to grow in the mind of Dickens. The composite figure grew in wisdom, in sense of humour, in power of sacrifice, until it took on the glorious personality of Mark Tapley, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

The elderly bachelors who are so lightheartedly discussed at the beginning of the story about Mr. John Dounce come to separate lives in the lovable persons of Pickwick, Grimwig in *Oliver Twist*, the Cheerybles in *Nickleby*, the Single Gentleman in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and John Jarndyce in *Bleak House*.

The shabby-genteel who are described in *Thoughts about People* and in *Shabby-Genteel People* foretell a host of the pitiful and broken, among them the Chancery Prisoner in *Pickwick*, Newman Noggs in *Nickleby*, old Mr. Trent in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Gridley in *Bleak House*, and Frederick Dorrit, brother of the Father of the Marshalsea.

That mixture of rogue, comedian, and object of charity, Alfred Jingle, in *Pickwick*, has a younger brother in the *Sketches*; he is Horatio Sparkins, who, like Jingle, palms himself off as a gentleman, and talks exquisite nonsense as he tries to sustain the role. But Sparkins is exposed as a counter-jumper, the most junior of partners in a shabby Tottenham Court Road draper's shop.

But more than characters unite these early papers to the whole range of the novels. There are also situations that are returned to

frequently enough to show that they represent a habit of mind, that they are the repeated expressions of the same personality. One of the most brilliantly impressive passages in *Oliver Twist* is that which creates the terror of Fagin during his last night in the condemned cell. The first version of the very same situation is found toward the end of the sketch, *A Visit to Newgate*, and it is as powerful as any of Dickens's masterpieces in that difficult art that I may call "subjective melodrama." The condemned prisoner dreams that he is walking with his wife; he begs her to forgive his unkindness toward her. He dreams his trial and his sentence. But in his dream he escapes from prison, and he runs with marvellous speed and ease out into the open countryside. But there he still feels anxious, oppressed . . . Then he wakes; it is the morning of his execution.

That dream race over the open fields at night is run again in the flight of Bill Sikes from Nancy's dead eyes, and in the escape of Smike from Squeers at the Dotheboys Hall.

The Christmas dinners and games that light up chapters of *Pickwick* and of the *Carol* with a heavenly humour we find already described in the sketch *A Christmas Dinner*. We must in passing acknowledge that the gift of the Christmas story came to Dickens from Washington Irving. The huge feast, centering round a roast fowl, the baking of cakes and pies, the blazing fire, the filled glass, the Christmas pudding decorated with holly, the game of blind man's buff, the meeting of lips under mistletoe, the songs and speech-making, the bond of hearty affection, all these we find in this early sketch.

The situations describing tragedy and death also tie these sketches with scenes in novels. There are several death-bed scenes that anticipate deeply moving passages in the novels. They are an essential element in the art of Dickens.

The natural mistake that may occur in large inns whose corridors are labyrinthine, the mistake of guests entering the wrong room in search of their own, is mentioned in the story of *The Great Winglebury Duel*, and as such prepares us for Mr. Pickwick's surprise in the Great White Horse Inn in obtaining his first view, on embarrassing terms, of a lady brushing her hair before retiring for the night.

The spontaneous combustion that enables the rag and paper dealer, Krook, in *Bleak House*, to make his very dramatic final exit, was already thought of in the sketch, *The Streets—Morning*. There, a general servant wishes, as she struggles through an early rising, that spontaneous combustion would ignite the kitchen fire for her.

In a third way do we find these early papers claiming an alliance with the whole pattern of Dickens, and that is in certain matters of style, and spirit, and form. To suggest his style, we have time for only one phase, an expression of his mental alertness and buoyant good humour, and that shall be his punning. In *Private Theatres* we hear this report about a complaint from the orchestra: "The flute says he'll be blowed if he plays any more." It's really an admirable little pun within a pun. There are also many puns set in a careful balance of phrasing. With reference to a delinquent tenant of a shop,

in *Shops and their Tenants*, we learn that when he failed, he "locked the door and bolted himself."

And about the spirit of this early writing we shall notice again just one characteristic: the grand joy Dickens takes in a bustle. I don't mean the bustle that rustles; I mean the bustle that hustles: many actions, swiftly performed actions. We may even say that Dickens "spreads himself" on his bustles. Again and again, after whirling our imagination round with an account of activities in a crowded scene, Dickens stops to admire and comment on "the bustle and confusion" (*The Boarding-House* and *The Steam Excursion*); or the "life and bustle" (*The Tuggses*); or the "exhilarating bustle" (*The Great Winglebury Duel*). And there is no novel of Dickens that does not give us joy through its author's unique gusto in hustling life.

When we look for similarities in craftsmanship we notice that every kind of farce, humour, grotesquerie, satire, description, melodrama, burlesque, and sentimental mystery that was to be employed later is found represented in these early writings. The type of the sentimental mystery is of Dickens's own fashioning from earlier romance. We find it in the powerful story of *The Black Veil*, as fascinating a gem of the macabre as any that Poe wrote, and yet sane throughout, one of the great stories in English.

A deficiency in these stories that is not surprising to Dickensians is the absence of any normal sentimental romance, of sensible courtship. There is plenty of foolish and repented-of passion, there is coquetry and jealousy because of it, there is the loyalty of a brutally treated wife, there is young married love suffering persecution, but there is no scene of simple love-making. In only one story is there an adumbration of it. In the story of *The Black Veil* the young physician daydreams about his distant beloved, named Rose. The relative rareness with which Dickens throughout his novel-writing life could make convincing love-making that was not comical, or pathetic, or insanely passionate, is represented in this earliest collection of his writings by no attempt at all.

There is also, and this is my lastly, much of that direct confession that is a part of the many confidences Dickens makes to us throughout his novels and shorter papers. You will remember David Copperfield confessing his passion for imagining the lives of people he passed in London streets. In five of the sketches Dickens speaks about that love for creative speculation, and in all five he gives demonstrations of his marvellous genius in the art. Among these are the life-story of a youth, imagined from the observation of a number of suits hanging in a pawnbroker's shop, in *Meditations in Monmouth Street*, and that fine study of anxiety and terror in the last night of a condemned prisoner, in *A Visit to Newgate*.

There are many more ties, of many kinds, between the *Sketches by Boz* and the novels. I have mentioned only a small proportion of the characters, situations, elements in style and form, and direct confidences of the author that claim for the *Sketches* the right of the closest organic membership with the whole body of Dickens's writing.

And I have tried to show the benefit of understanding the connectedness of a writer's creative imagination from work to work. As a last point, much more important than any fact of ties between the early writings, and the novels, is the realisation that these early stories and sketches have an excellent merit in their own right, a high power of giving pleasure.

SYDNEY J. RUST

THE unexpected death, on December 10th, 1939, of Mr. S. J. Rust, the Hon. Secretary during the last three years, has been a serious loss to the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Rust joined the Society about 25 years ago, and soon began to take a lively interest in its work and organisation. Both sides of its activities—literary and charitable—attracted him, and gained much from his genial personality and sound commonsense. After several years' work on the Council and various committees, he was marked out as a future secretary, and on the retirement of Mr. A. W. Edwards, Mr. Rust's acceptance of office was received with acclamation from all who knew him. For many years Mr. Rust, who was an L.C.P. and a M.Com., had been the Principal of the Mornington School of Commerce at Edgware ; it was first established in St. Pancras, a district closely bound up with Dickens's youthful days. His profession, together with several years as an active member of the Harrow Borough Council, gave Mr. Rust much experience in dealing with people whether young or mature, and this was of great advantage to him in the manifold duties that fall to the lot of a secretary ; for our secretary is the binding link between Headquarters in London and the numerous branches, each with its own peculiar characteristics and problems.

In addition to his earnest study of Dickens's life and works, Mr. Rust was an ardent lover of London with a flair for general topography and geography ; therefore, as a guide, whether in London or the country, his companions had the benefit of the vast stores of his retentive memory.

Mr. Rust had had a well-filled life, given in the service of others, and not the least of the recipients of his energies was the Dickens Fellowship, which he loved so well and served so ungrudgingly.

T. W. H.

A portrait of Mr. Rust appeared in "The Dickensian" for 1937, *page* 65.

A GREETING FROM CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

" IT is very cheering to us to have news from the Dickens House and to know that the work of the Fellowship is still being carried on. Our members look forward with much pleasure to the receipt of *The Dickensian* each quarter, and during the war period it is appreciated even to a greater degree as forming another link between us and fellow Dickensians at Home.

" Our thoughts are ever with the Home country during this anxious period ; we admire the quiet calm and courage of your people and trust the war will be brought to a speedy and successful close."

This is typical of letters received from all overseas branches.

TAKING STOCK OF *THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP*

1. What was the affectionate nickname given by his friends to Miss Sally Brass's father, and what was the old man's motto ?
2. State the approximate *weight* of Little Nell and her grandfather put together.
3. Who was the Delight of the Nobility and Gentry ?
4. *Who* called *what* " that dreary pile " ?
5. Two people made a mistake in Dick Swiveller's name. Who were they, and what was the mistake ?
6. Who was a very good fellow if you knew how to manage him ? Who was the only person who could manage him ?
7. Mention two occasions when somebody's headgear was used as a receptacle for papers.
8. Give the recipe for an economical home-made wine, and name the titled lady who gave it.
9. Give three cases of relatives having a remarkable resemblance to each other.
10. What was Codlin's christian name and Short's surname ? Which of them was sometimes called " Trotters " ?
11. Who wore—
    (*a*) " a kind of little coat of some gaudy colour trimmed with tarnished spangles " ?
    (*b*) " a large bonnet trembling with bows " ?
    (*c*) " a blue jacket with a double row of gilt buttons—originally ordered for aquatic expeditions " ?
12. Who possessed—
    (*a*) " a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp " ?
    (*b*) " an oblong snuff-box, the lid of which was ornamented with a fox's head curiously carved in brass " ?
    (*c*) " a kind of temple, shining as of polished silver " ?
13. Why did Mrs. Jarley never read her own hand-bills ?
14. The Glorious Apollos had a solemn custom when its members met—what was it ?
15. Who fell desperately in love with Little Nell ?
16. Who had an inexpensive method of taking snuff, and what was it ? Why did his particular friends sneeze when they called on him ?
17. What was Mr. Vuffin's novel idea for playing Shakespeare ?
18. Who claimed a relationship that did not exist with (1) Kit, and (2) Mr. Swiveller ?
19. Two people were given the title of " Sphynx." Who were they ?
20. What evidence have we to disprove the assertion that beer " could not be tasted in a sip " ? What was the amount of the sip in this case ?
21. Who resembled King Lear, according to Mr. Brass ?
22. Whose last act was to kick his doctor ?

Contributed by Wm. J. Piper.

(*Answers will appear in the next number.*)

A NEW DICKENS LETTER

ABOUT HIS AMATEUR THEATRICALS

[We are indebted to Count de Suzannet for a copy of the following letter, hitherto unknown to us, which was in the library of Mr. Barton Currie, and included in "Fishers of Books," by Barton Currie, published in 1931, by Messrs. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, U.S.A. Further details of the performance referred to (of "Every Man in His Humour," at Miss Kelly's Theatre) were given in the Autumn number (1939, page 236).—EDITOR.]

Devonshire Terrace, Saturday, Twenty-Seventh September 1845.

My Dearest Madame De la Rue,

I received your letter last Monday morning, when I was still in a whirl from the uproar of Saturday night. But I expected it fully, had half expected it, indeed, on Saturday—and went down to the Theatre after post-time on Saturday morning a little disappointed by its non-arrival. So you see that occupation only makes this difference in me—I am rather damped for the time being, if you are not, in some sort, a sharer of it.

Good Heaven, how I wish you could have been there! It really was a brilliant sight. The audience so distinguished for one thing or another, everyone so elegantly dressed, all in such a state of excitement and expectation. As to the acting, modesty forbids me to say more than that it has been the town talk ever since. I have known nothing short of a murder to make such a noise before. We are overwhelmed with invitations, applications, petitions, and memorials, for a repetition of the Performance; and on the night it was as much as we could do with a strong body of Police to keep the doors from being carried by force. It got into the papers, notwithstanding all our precautions; and I sent you a *Times* the other day with some account of the proceedings. I hope it reached you safely.

We numbered every seat in the House; and assigned each by lot. I am afraid Miss Holskamp (whose brother and sister I invited also) had a bad place; for it was in the upper boxes, and looked down, rather awkwardly, upon the stage. I have not seen her since, but I hope she either has given, or will give you, some account of the evening. The Duke of Devonshire travelled a couple of hundred miles in one direction to be present; and Alfred Tennyson (our friend) travelled a couple of hundred miles in another. So the attraction spread itself to all sorts and conditions of men. We newly-painted all the scenery; newly-carpentered all the machinery; had the dresses (they were bright colours, you may be sure, to please my managerial eye) made expressly from old pictures; and worked away at it, rehearsing and re-rehearsing, night after night, and day after day, as if it were the whole business of our lives. But I have always had a misgiving, in my inmost heart, that I was born to be the manager of a Theatre, and now I am quite sure of it. I send you a bill, as a little curiosity. There are whispers of gold snuff-boxes for the indefatigable manager from the performers—Hem!

And Gabriel is going to be married at last!!! I am glad of it.

Though I find that native obstinacy of yours in full force on the subject, still ! I don't think he is exactly the man to fall in love with—I agree with you there. But there is a vulgar saying in England " Wot's the odds, so long as you're happy ! " And perhaps the Bride elect starts from that point, and adopts that line of argument. When I think of the possible consequences—of little gaspers like Papa, or apple-faced maniacs like Grandpapa –a chill runs through my blood. It is a dreadful thought.

Ridgway came in the other night (last Thursday) with his hair still crisp with yolk of egg, and his tongue still glib on the theme of certain counts and countesses who have been visiting his cook—himself, I should say—at the Lake of Como. He dines here, next Wednesday ; and contemplates a three weeks' stay in London. I heard from Walton the other day (do you remember an evening of intoxicating and rapturous excitement we once passed at Caviara ?) who tells me he has been nearly married and " is not out of danger yet." Una bellissima Signora, he adds—and underlines it a great many times.

If the champion has the benefit of my good wishes, you will never get that box, for she will certainly go down in some deep water. Confound her tardy, lagging, miserable pace ! I never was so vexed as by the loss of that first steamer ; for your impatience to receive the box is nothing to that with which I burn to know that you have got it. Tell De la Rue that I will write to him immediately after the receipt of that mysterious package which I will open in this study of mine with my own careful hands. You have made me desperately anxious to know what on earth it can contain. Whatever it be, as a remembrance from him, it will be very precious to me.

As to the *Examiner*, I have risen into the Seventh Heaven of indignant wonder since I learned from you that it has ever miscarried. *It has always been sent.* Do not fail to let me know if it should ever fail again. For in that case I will bestow a little of my superfluous indignation on the General Post-office. The *Examiner* reminds me of Forster, who is quite well and played admirably the other night, though he imitated Macready too much. I suspect Macready thought so ; and would have been better pleased if the resemblance had been less near. Talking of him, reminds me of Maclise, who is exactly in his old state ; from which he has in nothing made any departure, except in being so nervous when the overture to the comedy was playing, the other night, that he turned a deadly white, and had nearly fainted away. Georgy is very well, and takes long country walks with me. She is quite happy, I think. And I have left that matter where it was ; trusting to its wearing itself out, on her part, in due course.

The affair at Manchester is on the Twenty-Third of October. I suppose there will be an audience of some Two thousand people. I will look into the local papers, and send you the best report I see. I have been much solicited to go to Sheffield at the same time, and to Birmingham : and have had other public receptions tendered to me, both in the country and in London. But I have declined them ;

firstly, because I would rather be quiet; and secondly, because I am now composing myself to write my little Christmas book. I shall be actually at work upon it, I hope, when you receive this; and for a month afterwards, most likely, Christmas turned, you will see me in the bloom of Print again, pretty often.

I have forgotten to say in its right place that I took the glass you gave me to the Theatre, in my Portmanteau of Costumes; and drank a bottle of old Sherry from it in my dressing-room at divers fatiguing periods of the evening; and I drank to you in a great black wig, and with a peaked beard and black moustache, all stuck on singly, by the individual hair! I had a dresser from one of the large Theatres to do it; and I never was so much astonished in my life as at the time it took. After I was beaten, I had all this taken off (an idea of my own) and put on lank and straight—the moustache, which had curled up towards the eyes, twined drooping down—and every hair dishevelled. You never saw such a Devil. But I wore real armour on my throat and heart; and most enormous boots and spurs—and looked like an old Spanish Portrait, I assure you. Maclise is going to paint the figure as an ideal one; and I have sat to him already in the Dress. I am constantly reverting to this Play, I find; but only because I know you will like to hear whatever I happen to remember about it. It is not unlikely we may act again—some other play—at Christmas. Mr. Lemon, the Editor of *Punch*, who played Brainworm in the comedy, and acted with me in the Farce, is an excellent actor. But everybody's understanding of what he was about, and what the author meant, was truly interesting in a very high degree.

Dear Madame De la Rue, I didn't wear the slippers! I couldn't find it in my heart to drag them through the dirt and destruction of a Theatre. Here they are every morning on the rug—giving me as great a start sometimes, when they catch my eye, as the footprint on the sand caused Robinson Crusoe—and carrying me back to Genoa at a greater pace than ever seven-league boots went. I have a new picture of the Peschiere, painted by a friend of my brother's who came to see us there; and very well done. It hangs upon the staircase, just outside my bedroom door. The last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, I see the Peschiere—and all day long, besides; for there is another in my room here. What would I give to see you, too! Well! I carry you about with me in the shape of a Purse; and though that pocket is in a very tender place—breast pocket—lefthand side—I carry you about in tenderer places still, in your own image which will never fade or change to me, come what may.

Ever Yours affecty

C.D.

P.S. Children at home and thriving. All well. Kate and Georgy send their loves. Both "going" to write.

WHERE FOUND?

Drawn by] [*E. F. Payne*

1. Facts.
2. Eatanswill.
3. Podsnappery.
4. Deportment.
5. Harmony Jail.
6. "Don't Go Home."
7. "Recalled to Life."
8. Borroboola-Gha.
9. The father of the Marshalsea.
10. The New York "Rowdy Journal."
11. Portrait by Spiller. Bust by Spiker.
12. The man was chock full of science.
13. "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil."
14. Musicians securely confined in an elevated den.
15. Mr. Augustus Minns and his cousin Mr. Octavius Budden.
16. The woman who took to her bed on hearing that her stepson would not eat fat.
17. The man who was always keeping appointments in the City, and the other man never seemed to come.
18. A Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster.
19. The brown composition, which looked like diluted pin-cushions without the covers, and was called porridge.
20. The man who swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful and looked sideways here and there while he ate—just like a dog.
21. The man who glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.
22. The mill which takes up so little room that it will work inside a Stone Jug; and always goes better when the wind is low with people, than when it is high.
23. The town where nothing seemed to be going on but clocks, and they had such drowsy faces, such heavy, lazy hands, and such cracked voices that surely must have been too slow.
24. The woman who had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere.
25. The house front so old and worn, and the brass plate so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass in his blind eye.

(*Answers will be found on page* 87).

LET'S TALK OF—EPITAPHS

By T. W. HILL

EPITAPHS, that is commemorative inscriptions on monuments (Gr. epi—upon and taphos—a tomb), are as old as civilisation, but, as a form of literary composition appear, in England at least, to date mainly from the Elizabethan period. These inscriptions, after recording the names of the deceased, the dates of life and death, often concluded with " sentiments " either drawn from Holy Writ, or appreciative, composed (sometimes in verse) by relatives or friends—and in the nineteenth century chosen frequently from collections suitable for all occasions provided by the undertaker.

The assistance of scholars was often sought, especially in the case of deceased celebrities, and many epitaphs are known composed by Ben Jonson, Milton, Pope, and many others. Dr. Johnson, on account of his vast learning, was much in request. One of his sayings is recorded : " The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." He wrote several epitaphs and he usually used Latin for that language's possibilities of noble phraseology ; on one occasion he said : " I would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription." Latin is still used frequently for epitaphs of the great.

It is not surprising that Dickens, from his eminence in the literary world, should have received requests for epitaphs, and it may be interesting to endeavour to collect as many as possible of the instances of this aspect of his work, and to see how closely he adhered to the Johnsonian precepts, although as is to be expected, he used English in preference to Latin.

When Mary Hogarth died he wrote the epitaph still to be seen in Kensal Green Cemetery : " Mary Scott Hogarth, died 7th May, 1837. Young, beautiful and good, God, in His mercy, numbered her with His angels at the early age of seventeen."

In 1841 he composed the following inscription for the tomb of his wife's grandmother, Mrs. Thomson, the draft being in his own hand. It was not used (probably it was too long).

Sacred to the ashes
of
Katherine Thomson.
For Sixty Years
The dear Wife
of
George Thomson
of Edinburgh
She died at Brompton
On the thirteenth of October, 1841 ;
Closing
At the age of seventy-five,
a life
of affectionate devotion
and domestic excellence.

Reader !
The adjoining grave
Is that of her Grandchild
who died
In the early bloom
of womanhood.
This
Is the resting-place
of one
whose honored head
Was gray.
It is hard to lose
Those whom we fondly love
at any time;
But it is a happy thing
To believe
That in Eternity
There is perpetual youth
and happiness
For all.
The Will of God be done !

The grandchild referred to in the eighteenth line is, of course, Mary Hogarth.

Whilst on his first visit to America in 1842, amongst the many friends Dickens made was Dr. F. H. Deane, of Cincinnati, one of whose friends had lost their baby boy during Dickens's tour. At Dr. Deane's request he composed this epitaph :

This is the grave of a Little Child
Whom GOD in His goodness called to a Bright Eternity
When he was very young.
Hard as it is for human affection to reconcile itself to death
In any shape (and most of all, perhaps, at first, in this)
His parents can ever now believe that it will be a consolation
To them throughout their lives.
And when they shall have grown old and gray
Always to think of him as a Child in Heaven.
" And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them."

The editors of " The Letters of Charles Dickens " (1880) say that this inscription was copied for them by Mrs. Fields, of Boston.

In 1851, when his father, John Dickens, died, Dickens, who as a son was warmly attached to him, caused an inscription to be placed over his grave, testifying to his " zealous, useful, cheerful spirit."

The foregoing instances are all real epitaphs. Now let us see what use Dickens in his writings made of this form of post-mortem tribute. In country churchyards are to be found many examples of the efforts (one may not call them inspirations) of local versifiers, and these may exhibit pathos and generous eulogy, or may descend to the lowest depths of vulgarity, that are quite painful, albeit the humour is often unconscious.

The composition of an epitaph may be easy to parody, but it is very difficult to parody successfully. Dickens fortunately had the gift of

parody in high degree and nothing can be happier in its imitative grandiloquence than the inscription for Mrs. Sapsea's tomb at Cloisterham :

ETHELINDA
Reverential wife of
Mr. THOMAS SAPSEA,
Auctioneer, valuer, estate agent, etc.,
of this city,
Whose knowledge of the world,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with
a spirit
More capable of
Looking up to him.
STRANGER, pause,
And ask thyself the question :
Canst thou do likewise ?
If not,
With a blush, retire.

This epitaph very closely adheres, in the arrangement and setting out of the lines and in the magnificence of the words employed, to the laudatory tributes to be found in almost any cathedral or on church walls. The " Stranger, pause " is a reproduction of the " Siste, Viator " of Roman inscriptions.

In *Little Dorrit*, Young John Chivery was of an introspective nature and much given to self-communing of a somewhat morbid kind—Augustus Moddle is another instance. " Young John was gentle . . . great of soul, poetical, expansive, faithful," so it is not strange that his varying moods in the course of his devotion to Little Dorrit should find expression in the series of epitaphs that he composed for himself. At the age of twenty-three, feeling very sure that Little Dorrit would look favourably on his suit, he invented, to express his roseate expectations, the following epitaph on a tombstone to be erected at the end of a long happy life ; and he thought it out on his way to propose to her :

" Sacred to the memory of John Chivery, sixty years Turnkey and fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighbouring Marshalsea, Who departed this life universally respected on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife Amy, whose maiden name was Dorrit, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, there she lived and there she died."

But the course of his true love did not run smooth, and at the interview, on Little Dorrit gently—ever so gently—declining his offer, he composed on his way back home the following new inscription for a tombstone in St. George's Churchyard :

" Here lie the mortal remains of John Chivery, Never anything

worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year One thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, Which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted parents."

In spite of his ill-success, John remained deeply in love, as a man of his temperament would, and on one occasion, seeing Little Dorrit weep upon receiving a reproach from her father, he went home thinking out the following entirely new inscription for his gravestone :

" Here lies the body of John Chivery, Who, having at such a date Beheld the Idol of his life in grief and tears, And feeling unable to bear the harrowing spectacle, Immediately repaired to the abode of his inconsolable parents, And terminated his existence by his own rash act."

Finally, when he learns of Little Dorrit's approaching marriage, John, after a severe mental struggle with his embittered feelings towards Arthur Clennam, the lucky man, composed that night after going to bed, the following " monumental inscription " :

STRANGER !
Respect the tomb of
JOHN CHIVERY, Junior,
Who died at an advanced age
Not necessary to mention.
He encountered his rival in a distressed state
And felt inclined
To have a round with him.
But for the sake of the loved One
Conquered those feelings of Bitterness
And became
MAGNANIMOUS.

Joe Gargery composed in memory of his father a really fine epitaph but it was never " cut over him . . . poetry costs money, cut it how you will." It ran as follows :

" Whatsum'er the failings on his part,
Remember reader, he was that good in his hart."

In real earnest about the lesson Dickens is pushing home in *A Christmas Carol* he adds tremendously to the impressiveness of the visit to the churchyard by the epitaph on the miser's neglected grave just the two words, " EBENEZER SCROOGE." No dates, no condition, no tribute—just the two plain words.

In similar simplicity, but for an entirely different reason, and to convey an entirely different impression, the only epitaph that appears on the memorial tablet to Oliver Twist's unmarried mother, is by one word : " AGNES."

The inscription, in *The Haunted Man*, below the portrait of one of the founders of the institution at which Mr. Redlaw was a lecturer, ought to be mentioned as an epitaph, although strictly

speaking it does not occur over a grave : " LORD, keep my memory green."

The death of Richard Carstone in *Bleak House* is described as " with one parting sob began the world. Not this world, O not this ! The world that sets this right," and surely this might stand as an epitaph although there is no mention of Carstone's burial place.

The Seven Poor Travellers opens with the sentence : " Strictly speaking, there were only six Poor Travellers," and then quotes the inscription over the door of Watts's Charity at Rochester :

RICHARD WATTS, Esq.,
By his will dated 22nd August 1579
Founded this Charity
For Six Poor Travellers
Who, not being ROGUES or PROCTORS,
May receive gratis for one night
Lodging, Entertainment,
And Fourpence each.

This inscription is included here, as no fitter epitaph could be composed to the memory of the munificent benefactor in this and many other respects to the city of Rochester.

The next example is not given in full. It is, however, a genuine epitaph. It appears on the tomb of Pip's parents in *Great Expectations*, and in view of the conclusions that Pip draws from its wording deserves mention : " The shape of the letters on my father's [grave] gave me the odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, ' Also Georgiana, Wife of the above,' I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly."

There is no record of a headstone or epitaph over Betty Higden's grave, in *Our Mutual Friend*, but the Reverend Frank Milvey says, as he leaves Sloppy lying on it : " Not a very poor grave, when it has that homely figure on it. Richer, I think, than it could be made by most of the sculpture in Westminster Abbey." Truly an epitaph of the nobler sort.

Wilkins Micawber was such a monumental figure in fiction that he should have had an epitaph. His chequered career at its close (which is spared us by the author) deserves some sort of commemoration though the book ends with Micawber in a position of high repute. Fortunately he has left us, during the ups and downs of his course, ample material for an inscription. Here are a selection, taken from his epistolary communications (as he would have called his letters) :

(*a*) " Dust and ashes are for ever scattered
On
The
Head
Of
Wilkins Micawber."

(*b*) "At the hour and place I have indicated may be found such ruined vestiges as yet
Remain
Of
A
Fallen Tower
Wilkins Micawber."

(*c*) "Let it be in justice merely said of me that what I have done, I did, in spite of mercenary and selfish objects.
For England, Home, and Beauty."

(*d*) "Some future Traveller visiting . . . the place of confinement allotted to debtors in this city, may, and I trust will, Ponder, as he traces on its wall, inscribed with a rusty nail.
The obscure initials
W.M."

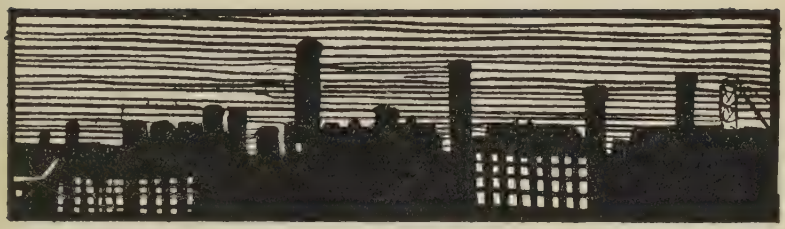
Dickens's fondness for animals is well known, and in grounds of the homes at Devonshire Terrace and Gads Hill were buried some of his domestic pets. At Devonshire Terrace a stone stood over the second Grip's place of sepulture, and in the garden at Gads Hill were several memorials to deceased animals, one bearing a real epitaph—that to the canary that died at the age of sixteen. It is still there, carefully preserved by the present owner of the house and bears the words: "To DICK, the best of Birds."

In conclusion, consider Dickens's treatment of himself in this respect. As early as 1831, when he was but 19 years of age, he wrote in *The Bill of Fare* a series of mock epitaphs on the various members of the Beadnell family circle, finishing the whole with one on himself:

"Last, here's Charles Dickens, who's now gone for ever,
It's clear that he thought himself very clever;
To all his friends' faults—it almost makes me weep—
He was wide awake—to his own fast asleep . . .
His faults—and they were not in number few,
As all his acquaintance extremely well knew,
Emanated—to speak of him in good part—
I think rather more from the head than the heart."

which as an effort in prosody leaves much to be desired as it often does not scan, whatever be its merits as revealing thus early Dickens's own character. Although he had during his life expended much time and thought in composing epitaphs for others, whether real or imaginary, he effectually prevented anyone (even himself) from writing any inscription for his own grave by laying down in his will: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument memorial or testimonial whatever." And so it is that the grave of the great novelist of the nineteenth century, "probably," as Mr. Ralph Straus says, "the most famous man in the world," is covered by a dark stone slab bearing only the simple inscription:

CHARLES DICKENS
Born February 7th, 1812. Died June 9th, 1870.



COKETOWN

By W. LAURENCE GADD

IT is rather singular that while something, and in many cases a good deal, is known about the topography of every other Dickens novel, nothing whatever appears to have been discovered, with any certainty, with regard to the localities described in *Hard Times*. Whether this is because the book is less popular than the others, or nobody has been sufficiently interested to investigate, I do not know, but the descriptions are so clear and vivid that I think it should be possible to identify Coketown, at any rate, if not such details as Bounderby's Bank, Pod's End, and the "Pegasus Arms." Touching the last-named, the sign-board gracing that establishment depicted a winged horse, and also bore the legend:

> "Good malt makes good beer,
> Walk in and they'll draw it here.
> Good wine makes good brandy,
> Give us a call, you'll find it handy."

And these lines actually were painted on the sign-board of the old "Malt Shovel" Inn, which stood at the foot of Chatham Hill, in Kent, when the boy Dickens lived within a few minutes' walk of that old inn.

Mr. Walter Dexter, in his "England of Dickens," considers Coketown to be "another of the composite pictures to vie with Eatanswill and Muggleton . . . typical of the great Lancashire manufacturing towns."

The late B. W. Matz thought it a composite picture of Manchester and Preston, with, possibly, some features of other Lancashire towns. But the descriptions in *Hard Times* appear to me too precise for a composite picture and point to the scenes having been derived chiefly from a single town, which was certainly not Manchester.

We are told that Coketown was a town of red brick; of machinery and tall chimneys. It had a black canal and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye. This might be any one of a number of small Lancashire towns. Many of them had a black canal and a purple river, especially those where dyeing and calico-printing were the staple industries. The rivers are less purple now, owing to the activities of the Rivers Pollution Authorities, but are still far from being clear and pellucid streams.

Coketown also contained vast piles of buildings full of windows

gleaming, at night, like fairy palaces; where there was a rattling and trembling all day; and where pistons of steam engines worked monotonously up and down. This indicates a town, like Stockport or Oldham, where cotton-spinning was carried on. In Dickens's day the power for these mills was generally derived from beam engines, the piston and the beam working outside in the open air. *Hard Times* was published in 1854, and at that time I believe hand-weaving was still practised in remote Lancashire villages and "Fowts," although power-looms and weaving sheds were rapidly pushing the cottage hand-loom out of existence; and Stephen Blackpool was described as a good power-loom weaver.

Manchester itself was not really a manufacturing town; it was then, as now, the central warehouse or mart for cotton cloth and yarns that were spun and woven, and dyed and printed in the districts around. Manufacturers had their warehouses in Manchester, but their works or mills were outside it. The brothers Grant, who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*, had their warehouse in Cannon Street, Manchester, but their works were at Ramsbottom. Crumpsall, Blackley, Hyde, and Staleybridge, and further out, a semi-circle of towns from Blackburn and Burnley to Oldham and Stockport, were the places where the actual spinning and weaving was done. The finished cloth was usually brought into Manchester on three days in each week, the carts and lorries taking back the drysalteries needed by the mills.

Coketown contained several large streets, all very much alike, and many small streets, still more like each other. This was true of a good many Lancashire towns and is true to-day; but in 1854 Manchester was developing from an older town of black-and-white timbered and gabled buildings, many of which survived until the beginning of the present century. The regions of Millgate, Shudehill and Market Street, which was the centre of the city, contained several sixteenth and seventeenth-century buildings within my own recollection.

At Coketown, the jail might have been the Infirmary, and the Town Hall might have been either or both, so much were they like warehouses, but this could not apply to Manchester. There was no similarity between the old Town Hall in King Street and the Infirmary in Piccadilly, nor was either of them in the least like a warehouse, both being somewhat imposing and distinctive structures.

Again, Mr. Gradgrind's House was situated on a high moor within a mile or two of Coketown, and from the door and certain windows of Stone Lodge, the fires of the town could be seen in the lurid distance. Except to the north and the east, the country immediately round Manchester is monotonously flat, Kersal Moor rises to the north, and although rather further off than indicated in the book, would perhaps agree with the situation. But Stephen Blackpool's way to the Lodge was over a region of coal-pits, and the coalfields near Manchester lay more to the west, where the country is flat. On one occasion, Bitzer came over by the train, shrieking and rattling over a long line of arches that bestrode the wild country of past and present coal-pits. In 185

there were two railways to Manchester, the Liverpool and Manchester line, with terminus in Liverpool Road, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, with its terminus in Oldham Road. Neither was carried on a long line of arches bestriding a coal region.

I have no old maps or town-plans by me, but I think that Manchester, even in 1854, was too large a city for Sissy Jupe to have gone " to the other end of the town " in order to procure the nine oils required by her father. As some indication of this, as early as 1838, there were 170 barristers and solicitors practising in the City, no less than 45 of them having offices or chambers in the small radius of King Street and Saint Ann's Square, in which neighbourhood there were also several banks dating from A.D. 1770 to 1800.

Certainly, there was a library in Manchester as well as in Coketown. The first municipal free library was opened in 1852, but there were several other libraries; and a flourishing Mechanics' Institution had been in existence for some 30 years.

My own recollections of Manchester go back to about the year 1880, and nothing I remember, or have read about the City conveys any impression to me of Coketown. I think the descriptions in *Hard Times* indicate a smaller manufacturing town, such as Rochdale or Oldham, the surroundings of which are more in keeping with the scenes Dickens described; but I am not aware that Dickens ever visited those two places. He visited Blackburn and Houghton Towers in 1867, but that was 13 years after *Hard Times* was published.

I should like to hear what some of our Lancashire members think about Coketown, as they are the most likely people to have formed an opinion.

OUR SMALLEST BRANCH

We believe Littlebourne, a Kentish village about four miles from Canterbury, is the smallest branch of the Dickens Fellowship. It started nine years ago, and is one of the small groups for which special facilities were granted for membership. It has fourteen members, who meet regularly once a month during the winter at the house of its President, Mrs. Duthoit. The meetings last about three hours, and consist of discussions and readings. Members in turn act as hosts for supper, after which readings from any other author are permitted, an arrangement which has been found quite satisfactory. Although, happily, Littlebourne is a prosperous village, the Gift and Kindness Committee has always been able to find someone to help, especially at Christmas time, with that little extra which is all the difference between stint and plenty.

WHERE FOUND?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 78.)

1, H.T.; 2, P.P.; 3, O.M.F.; 4, B.H.; 5, O.M.F.; 6, G.E.; 7, T.T.C.; 8, B.H.; 9, L.D.; 10, M.C.; 11, M.C.; 12, D. & S.; 13, B.R.; 14, P.P.; 15, S. by B.; 16, N.N.; 17, M.C.; 18, P.P.; 19, N.N.; 20, G.E.; 21, P.P.; 22, O.T.; 23, O.C.S.; 24, L.D.; 25, E.D.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DICKENS'S LONDON?

1. What were the "curious little nooks in a gre place like London"?
2. Where was "the dingiest collection of shabb buildings ever squeezed together in a ran corner as a club for tom-cats"?
3. Where was it not "attempted to be denied— for why should it?—that the arching lead to a mews. Mewses must exist."
4. Where is the "narrow street of high house like an oblong cistern to hold the fog"?
5. Whose room was "lighted by a skylight onl . . . eccentrically patched like a broke head, the distorted adjoining houses lookin as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it"
6. Where was to be found the painted ceiling "where Allegory i Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrade and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and mak the head ache"?
7. Where did one get "the sensation of having just opened a drawe in a chemist's shop"?
8. Where is the Little Wooden Midshipman still to be seen?
9. Where did Mr. Pickwick say he "was suspended," when Bo Sawyer asked him "Where do you hang out?"?
10. Where is the burial ground, where Esther found her mother dea on the step in front of an iron gate at the entrance to a "dar and miserable covered way"?
11. What place was described as "the Sahara desert of the Law"
12. Where was "the magic beanstalk country"?
13. What street did Mr. Pickwick look out upon, and saw at his fee on his right hand, and on the left; and with the opposite sid over the way?
14. Who lived in "a singular little old-fashioned house, up a blin street," with "two small bedrooms and a triangular parlour" and where was it situated?
15. How many houses are there in London where Dickens lived (n temporary tenancies), and where are they to be found?
16. Where was "a little, pale, wall-eyed, woebegone inn, like a larg dustbin of two compartments and a sifter"?
17. Where was the tavern described by Sam Weller as follows "Second court on the right-hand side—last house but vun o the same side the vay—take the box as stands in the fir fire-place, 'cos there ain't no leg in the middle of the tabl vich all the others has, and it's wery inconwenient"?
18. What street had "a repose" about it, "and its dullness soothing" where "the population is migratory, usually disa pearing on the verge of quarter day, and generally by night"
19. Where is the "terrace, with a piece of water before it, and great foolish image in the middle blowing a dry shell" in fro of which little David stopped to rest?

(*Answers will be found on page* 119.)

HOW MR. HARDY OF *STEAM EXCURSION* FAME MADE HIS MARK AT THE GREAT EDINBURGH DINNER TO LORD GREY

WHEN Dickens revised his contributions to "The Monthly Magazine," as a preliminary to including them in *Sketches by Boz*, he subjected the text to some slight alterations and excisions. One interesting example of such a suppression is to be found in the tale entitled *The Steam Excursion*, originally published in the "Monthly" for October, 1834. The following passage, never reprinted, occurs towards the close of the story and forms the concluding portion of the paragraph beginning with the words, "Mr. Hardy was observed some pours afterwards in an attitude":

> "Having been for some months past subject to indigestion, and loss of appetite, he was recently persuaded to try a keener air and a more northern climate for the removal of the one, and the improvement of the other. We are credibly informed that he was present at the Edinburgh dinner, and, moreover, that he is the individual to whose eager appetite on that occasion we find allusion made in the 'Morning Chronicle' of a few days since."

Readers of *The Dickensian* will not fail to recognise the above-mentioned "allusion" as having been made by no less a person than Dickens himself in "The Morning Chronicle" of September 17th, 1834. The article was published in full in *The Dickensian* (1935, pages 5-9), and Mr. Walter Dexter, in his able commentary, characterises it as "the very first piece of descriptive reporting ever penned by Dickens and printed in a public newspaper."

Mr. Hardy's exploit, described on page 9, exhibits him in the light of the same "funny gentleman" whose antics tickled the humour of Mrs. Stubbs, the laundress, and delighted the passengers of the *Endeavour*. At the Edinburgh Dinner, we read, he distinguished himself by leading the onslaught on the "cold fowls, roast beef, lobsters, and other tempting delicacies" before the arrival of Earl Grey, the Guest of Honour!

We can be sure that the young reporter was tremendously proud of this, his first important journalistic enterprise, and could not resist the temptation of referring to it for the benefit of yet another circle of readers. But, two years later, a "writer of books" could, of course, no longer countenance such youthful vanity; and so it finally came to pass that the "funny gentleman's" connection with a great social and political event was doomed to eternal oblivion.

A. DE SUZANNET.

THEATRE ROYAL, KNEBWORTH.

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1850.

WILL BE PERFORMED

BEN JONSON'S COMEDY

OF

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Costumiers, Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street. Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand

Knowell,	*(an Old Gentleman)*	Mr. DELMÉ RADCLIFFE.
Edward Knowell,	*(his Son)*	Mr. HENRY HAWKINS.
Brainworm,	*(the Father's Man)*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
George Downright,	*(a Plain Squire)*	Mr. FRANK STONE.
Wellbred,	*(his Half-brother)*	Mr. HENRY HALE.
Kitely,	*(a Merchant)*	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
Captain Bobadil,	*(a Paul's Man)*	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Master Stephen,	*(a Country Gull)*	Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Master Matthew,	*(the Town Gull)*	Mr. JOHN LEECH.
Thomas Cash,	*(Kitely's Cashier)*	Mr. FREDERICK DICKENS.
Oliver Cobb,	*(a Water-bearer)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
Justice Clement,	*(an old merry Magistrate)*	The HON. ELIOT YORKE.
Roger Formal,	*(his Clerk)*	Mr. PHANTOM.
Dame Kitely,	*(Kitely's Wife)*	Miss ANNE ROMER.
Mistress Bridget,	*(his Sister)*	Miss HOGARTH.
Tib,	*(Cob's Wife)*	Mrs. MARK LEMON.

(Who has most kindly consented to act, in lieu of Mrs. CHARLES DICKENS, disabled by an accident.)

THE EPILOGUE BY MR. DELMÉ RADCLIFFE.

To conclude with MRS. INCHBALD'S Farce of

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The Doctor	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
La Fleur	Mr. MARK LEMON.
The Marquis de Lancy	Mr. JOHN LEECH.
Jeffery	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
Constance	Miss HOGARTH.
Lisette	Miss ANNE ROMER.

STAGE MANAGER, . . MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

The Theatre will be open at HALF-PAST SIX. *The Performance will begin precisely at* HALF-PAST SEVEN

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

From an original in the possession of the Earl of Lytton.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

DICKENS'S APPEARANCES AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR

By WALTER DEXTER

VIII.

THE "Splendid Strolling" of the Amateurs came to an end in Scotland in July 1848, and there does not appear to have been any more serious play-acting until two years later. In the meantime, *The Haunted Man* was written for a Christmas Book, and the monthly publication of *David Copperfield*, and the establishment of *Household Words* took up every moment of Dickens's time; in addition, an incentive for further play production on an appropriate scale was probably lacking.

But the fascination of acting had by no means abated, and in November 1849 we find that Dickens again indulged in it, even although on a very modest scale, and in private. The occasion arose during a visit of Dickens, his wife, and Georgina Hogarth to the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Watson at Rockingham Castle in Northamptonshire.

Here they met Mrs. Watson's cousin, Mary Boyle, a well-known amateur actress, and it is not surprising that Dickens and she should get up some pieces to act in the fine old Hall of the castle. These consisted of scenes from "The School for Scandal," followed by what was probably the first occasion on which Dickens acted in a dramatised excerpt from one of his own stories, the incident of the love-making of the mad old gentleman who lived next door to the Nickleby's cottage at Bow. Dickens was the mad gentleman, and Miss Boyle, Mrs. Nickleby. Some conjuring by Dickens followed, and then country dances, and, we are told, they got to bed at three o'clock. "It was an excellent entertainment, and we were all uncommonly merry," wrote Dickens to Forster. There are, unfortunately, no fuller details available of these theatricals. However, they were so successful that plans were made for something more elaborate during the following winter.

In the meantime, however, the correspondence with Lord Lytton, which I was privileged to publish for the first time in the Nonesuch Edition of the Letters, shows that Lytton suggested to Dickens that he and his company, assisted by some of Lytton's personal friends, might perform "Every Man in His Humour" at Knebwoth during the winter of 1850. Correspondence on this subject commenced so early as July. Dickens recommended Mary Boyle to Lytton, as "the very best actress I ever saw off the stage, and immeasurably better than many I have seen on it," and suggested that she should play the part of Mrs. Kitely, with the result that she was invited to Knebworth. The end of October was originally fixed for the visit to Rockingham and throughout the autumn Dickens was busy making final arrangements for both productions. The plays at Knebworth were presented on November 18th, 19th, and 20th. "Every Man in His Humour"

ROCKINGHAM CASTLE.

On WEDNESDAY Evening, January 15th, 1851.

Will be presented

USED UP!

Sir Charles Coldstream		Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Sir Adonis Leech		Mr. WILLIAM STOPFORD.
The Honourable Tom Saville		Mr. GOWRAN VERNON.
Wursel	*(a Farmer)*	Captain CAVENDISH BOYLE.
John Ironbrace	*(a Blacksmith)*	Mr. STAFFORD.
Mr. Fennel	*(a Lawyer)*	The Hon. Captain QUIN.
James	*(a Tiger)*	Master BENGAL.
Mary		Miss MARY BOYLE.
Lady Clutterbuck		Mrs. CHARLES DICKENS.

To be followed by the INTERLUDE of

A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING

Colonel Freelove	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Lord Rivers	Mr. GOWRAN VERNON.
James	Captain CAVENDISH BOYLE.
Lady Elizabeth Freelove	Miss MARY BOYLE.
Mrs. Davies	The Hon. Mrs. SPENCER LYTTLETON.

The Performances will conclude with Mrs. INCHBALD's Farce,

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The Doctor	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
La Fleur	Captain CAVENDISH BOYLE.
The Marquis de Lancy	Mr. STAFFORD.
Jeffrey	Mr. WILLIAM STOPFORD.
Constance	Miss HOGARTH.
Lisette	Miss MARY BOYLE.

Costumier, Mesrs. NATHAN, of Tichbourne Street, Haymarket. Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand.

ACTING AND STAGE MANAGER . . . Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.

The Theatre will be opened at a QUARTER BEFORE EIGHT, and the Performances will commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

was played for the three nights ; with it the farce " Animal Magnetism " on the first night, and " Turning the Tables " on the remaining two. By courtesy of Lord Lytton we are able to reproduce for the first time one of the play-bills.

There was an unfortunate occurrence in connection with the Knebworth plays ; Mrs. Dickens, while rehearsing the part of Tib at a London theatre, fell through a trap-door and sprained her ankle so badly that she was quite unable to act ; her part was taken by Mrs. Mark Lemon. Then Mary Boyle suffered a domestic affliction and had to ask to be excused, and Anne Romer played her part.

Miss Boyle speaks feelingly of her great disappointment in " Mary Boyle—Her Book " (1901) in which a chapter is devoted to her friendship with Dickens ; but it is somewhat curious that no mention is made of the later theatricals which took place at Rockingham Castle on January 15th, 1851, to which there are several references in the Letters. The preparation of the special stage in the Hall, and the general arrangements for the plays were spread over several months and a special " tag " was written for " Animal Magnetism." A play-bill is still preserved at Rockingham Castle, and we are fortunate in being able to reproduce a reduced facsimile of it.

IX.

It was during the theatricals at Knebworth in November 1850 that the idea of the Guild of Literature and Art originated. To assist the scheme, Lord Lytton undertook to write a play, which Dickens and his talented amateurs were to act in London and the Provinces.

The Duke of Devonshire lent Devonshire House in Piccadilly, London, for the first performance, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert promised to attend.

The writer, when preparing the three volumes of Letters for the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens, was favoured by the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Lytton with access to the original letters written by Dickens to their respective grandfathers, and there is some important information in them to supplement the short account given by Forster. The performance was originally fixed, to meet the Queen's convenience, for April 30th, 1851. Rehearsals started on March 24th on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre—then under the management of Macready. As soon as the specially constructed stage for Devonshire House was ready, it was erected and rehearsals continued there from April 23rd, the company rehearsing " three days a week, all day long."

The amount of work Dickens undertook in connection with this play was prodigious ; the production to the simplest detail was in his hands, including the selection and comfort of the audience. The seating capacity was two hundred, and Dickens at first proposed a uniform charge of three guineas for each ticket. The Duke of Devonshire suggested that five guineas would be the proper figure to charge, and although Dickens agreed, we notice that the ticket of admission gives the price as Five Pounds.

Dickens was attending to all these details under a great amount of

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 16th, 1851,

THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

IN THE PRESENCE OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT,

A NEW COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

CALLED

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR,

MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX THE EARL OF LOFTUS	*Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender*	Mr. FRANK STONE. Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
LORD WILMOT	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago, Son to* LORD LOFTUS,	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. SHADOWLY SOFFBEAD	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* LORD WILMOT	Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Mr. HARDMAN	(*A Rising Member of Parliament, and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole*)	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE	(*A Gentleman of good Family and Estate*)	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. GOODENOUGH EASY	(*in Business, Highly Respectable, and a Friend of* SIR GEOFFREY)	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE TRIMMER		Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
SIR THOMAS TIMID		Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON.
COLONEL FLINT		Mr. R. H. HORNE.
Mr. JACOB TONSON	(*A Bookseller*)	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
SMART	(*Valet to* LORD WILMOT)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE	(*Servant to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN	(Mr. FALLEN'S *Landlord*)	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. DAVID FALLEN	(*Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer*)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.

LORD STRONGBOW, SIR JOHN BRUIN, Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Watchmen, Newsman.

LUCY	(*Daughter to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mrs. HENRY COMPTON.
BARBARA	(*Daughter to* Mr. EASY)	Miss ELLEN CHAPLIN.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEADMAN'S LANE		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings	Painted by Mr. PITT.
"The Murillo"	,, Mr. ABSOLON.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library	,, Mr. PITT.
Will's Coffee House	,, Mr. PITT.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane	,, Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.
The distrest Poet's Garret (after Hogarth)	,, Mr. PITT.
The Mall in the Park	,, Mr. TELBIN.
An open space near the River	,, Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane	,, Mr. LOUIS HAGHE.
The Act Drop	,, Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

The Proscenium by Mr. GRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre.
The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street) made by Mr BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand. Prompter, Mr. COE.

THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

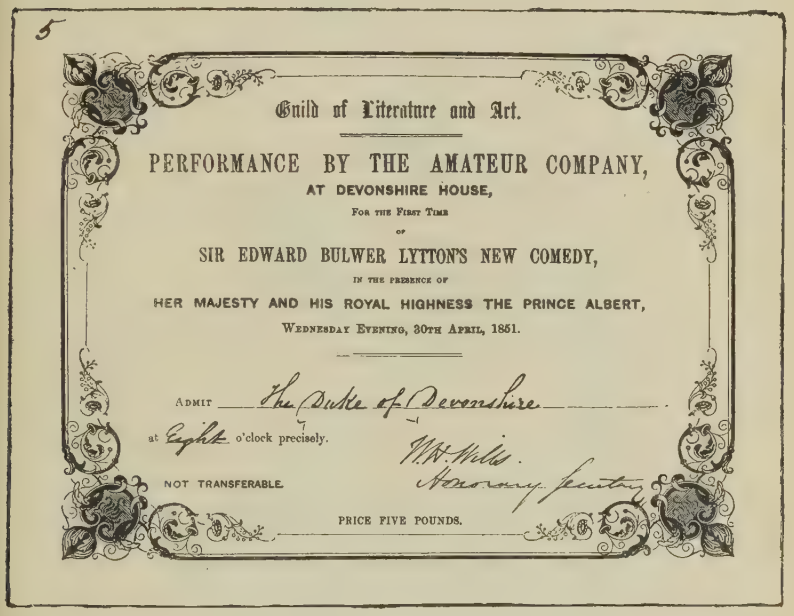
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S PRIVATE BAND WILL PERFORM DURING THE EVENING,
Under the Direction of Mr. COOTE, who has composed an OVERTURE for the occasion.

TO COMMENCE, BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND, AT NINE O'CLOCK,

THEREFORE, THE WHOLE OF THE AUDIENCE ARE PARTICULARLY REQUESTED TO BE SEATED, AT LEAST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR BEFORE THAT TIME.

W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 69, St. Martin's Lane

strain. His wife and young child were in poor health and had gone away for change of air to Great Malvern. His father, too, was causing him some anxiety; on March 31st he died, and fifteen days later came the tragic shock of the death of the baby Dora. In these circumstances it was quite impossible for Dickens to continue with the rehearsals; a postponement of the date of the performance was necessary, and Her Majesty agreed to a new date, May 16th, 1851.


5

Guild of Literature and Art.

PERFORMANCE BY THE AMATEUR COMPANY,
AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
For the First Time
of
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW COMEDY,
In the presence of
HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT,
Wednesday Evening, 30th April, 1851.

Admit The Duke of Devonshire
at Eight o'clock precisely.
W. Wills.
Honorary Secretary.

NOT TRANSFERABLE.

PRICE FIVE POUNDS.

The Admission Ticket which we print on this page is copied from one in the Library at Chatsworth. It is certainly unique, as it bears not only the cancelled date, but the name of the Duke as the holder.

A Dress Rehearsal was held on Wednesday, May 14th (it was postponed from two days earlier), and to this a limited number of friends of the Company were invited, Dickens writing out the passes with his own hand.

Forster tells us that the farce, "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," was reserved for the second performance; and it has generally been assumed that this performance was at the Hanover Square Rooms; but it was not. It was also at Devonshire House on Tuesday, May 27th, when the price charged for admission was two guineas.

X.

Forster speaks of "many representations at the Hanover Square Rooms in London," but does not say how many. Pemberton and

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 18, 1851,

The Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE THIRD TIME,

A NEW COMEDY, in Five Acts, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

CALLED

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM;

OR, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX,	*Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender*	Mr. FRANK STONE.
THE EARL OF LOFTUS,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
LORD WILMOT,	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago. Son to* LORD LOFTUS	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD,	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* LD. WILMOT	Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Mr. HARDMAN,	*A Rising Member of Parliament and Adherent to* SIR ROBERT WALPOLE	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE,	*A Gentleman of good Family and Estate*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. GOODENOUGH EASY,	*In Business highly respectable, and a Friend of* SIR GEOFFREY	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE TRIMMER,		Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
SIR THOMAS TIMID,		Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON.
COLONEL FLINT,		Mr. R. H. HORNE.
Mr. JACOB TONSON,	*(A Bookseller)*	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
SMART,	*(Valet to* LORD WILMOT)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE,	*(Servant to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN,	*(Mr. FALLEN'S Landlord)*	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. DAVID FALLEN,	*Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
LORD STRONGBOW, SIR JOHN BRUIN, Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Watchmen, Newsmen.		
LUCY,	*(Daughter to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mrs. HENRY COMPTON.
BARBARA,	*(Daughter to* Mr. EASY)	Miss YOUNG.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEADMAN'S LANE,		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings,	Painted by Mr. PITT.
"The Murillo"	Mr. ABSOLON.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library,	Mr. PITT.
Will's Coffee House,	Mr. PITT.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane,	Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.
The distrest Poet's Garret, (after Hogarth)	Mr. PITT.
The Mall in the Park,	Mr. TELBIN
An open space near the River,	Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane,	Mr. LOUIS HAGHE.
The Act Drop,	Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

Previous to the Play the Band will perform, under the Direction of Mr. LAND, an OVERTURE, composed expressly for this occasion, by Mr. C. COOTE, Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

The performance to conclude with (for the second time) an Original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr. NIGHTINGALE,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Mr. GABBLEWIG,	*(of the Middle Temple)*	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
TIP,	*(his Tiger)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
SLAP,	*(professionally Mr. Flormiville)*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
LITHERS,	*(Landlord of the "Water Lily")*	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
ROSINA,		Miss YOUNG.
SUSAN,		Mrs. COE.

The Proscenium by Mr. CRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. G. FOSTER. The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, and the Dresses of the Farce, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street) made by Mr. BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Under the Superintendence of Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A. R. A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand. Prompter, Mr. COE.

THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BAND WILL BE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. LAND.

TICKETS (all the Seats being reserved) 10s. each, to be had of Mr. MITCHELL, 33, Old Bond Street.

Doors open at a Quarter before SEVEN; commence at exactly a Quarter before EIGHT. The whole of the audience are particularly recommended to be seated before a Quarter to Eight.

W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

From an original, lately presented to The Dickens House by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

Adair FitzGerald are silent on this point. A search in the advertisement columns of "The Athenæum" has revealed that there were four such performances; the first was on June 18th. Dickens's correspondence shows that this had been originally fixed for June 3rd, but owing to the short notice, difficulty was experienced in getting it known and selling the seats; hence the postponement. Then followed performances on July 2nd and 21st. The latter date was advertised as "the last"; but the demand continued and "positively the last performance" was announced for August 4th "in consequence of

TOWN HALL, READING.

THE AMATEUR COMPANY OF THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,

To encourage Life Assurance, and other provident habits, among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties; will have the honour of performing,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28rd, 1851,

A NEW COMEDY, in Five Acts, by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., called

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER,

(As originally presented before Her Majesty at Devonshire House.)

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX,	Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender	Mr. FRANK STONE.
THE EARL OF LOFTUS,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
LORD WILMOT,	(A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago. Son to Lord Loftus)	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD,	(A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to Lord Wilmot)	Mrs. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Mr. HARDMAN,	(A Rising Member of Parliament and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole)	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
Sir GEOFFREY THORNSIDE	(A Gentleman of good Family and Estate)	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. GOODENOUGH EASY,	(In business, highly respectable, and a Friend of Sir Geoffrey)	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE THIMMER		Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
Sir THOMAS TIMID		Mr. COE.
COLONEL FLINT		Mr. R. H. HORNE
Mr. JACOB TONSON	(A Bookseller)	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.,
SEARY	(Valet to Lord Wilmot)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE,	(Servant to Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN,	(Mr. Fallen's Landlord)	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. DAVID FALLEN	(Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
	Lord STUCKBOW, Sir JOHN BRUIN, Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Watchmen, Newsmen.	
LUCY,	(Daughter to Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Miss COOPER.
BARBARA,	(Daughter to Mr. Easy)	Miss FANNY YOUNG.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEADMAN'S LANE,		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings, ..Painted by Mr. PITT.	The distrest Poet's Garret, (after Hogarth) .. Mr. PITT.
"The Murillo," .. Mr. ABSOLON.	The Mall in the Park, .. Mr. TELBIN.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library, .. Mr. PITT.	An open Space near the River, .. Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Will's Coffee-House .. Mr. PITT.	Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane, .. Mr. LEWIS HAGHE.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane, .. Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.	The act Drop. .. Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

Previous to the Play, an OVERTURE will be performed, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. C. COOTE, Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

The Performances to conclude with (for the seventh time) an Original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr NIGHTINGALE,		Mr DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Mr. GABBLEWIG,	(of the Middle Temple)	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
CHARLEY BIT,	(A Bootz)	
Mr. FOULLER,	(A Pedestrian and Cold-Water Drinker)	
CAPTAIN BLOWER,	(An Invalid)	
A RESPECTABLE FEMALE		
A DEAF SEXTON		
TOM,	(Mr. Gumbleton's Tiger)	Mr AUGUSTUS EGG.
CHRISTOPHER	(A Cheerful Boy)	
SLAE,	(Professionally Mr. Flowerdale—a Country Actor)	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr TUCKLE,	(Inventor of the celebrated Compound)	
A VIRTUOUS YOUNG PERSON,	(In the confidence of "Maria.")	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
LITHERS,	(Landlord of the Water Lily)	
ROSINA,		Miss FANNY YOUNG.
SUSAN,		Mrs. COE.

The Proscenium by Mr. GRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. G FOSTER. The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, and the Dresses of the Farce, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street) made by Mr. BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand. Prompter, Mr. COE.

The whole Produced under the direction of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. BRUTON.

Doors open at Seven; to commence at Eight precisely, by which time the whole of the audience are particularly recommended to be seated.

TICKETS FOR RESERVED SEATS (NUMBERED), 10s. 6d.,

May be secured by an early application at BINFIELD'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, where a Plan of the arrangements may be seen.

N.B.—BOOKS OF THE COMEDY can be had at the Libraries.

Reduced facsimile of play-bill, original in the possession of Mr. William Miller.

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11th, 1852,

THE AMATEUR COMPANY

ARE THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE & ART;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE TWELFTH TIME,

A NEW COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

CALLED

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR

MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER,

(As originally presented before her Majesty at Devonshire House.)

THE DUKE MIDDLESEX,	*Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender.*	Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
THE EARL OF LOFTUS,		Mr. COE.
LORD WILMOT,	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago, Son to* LORD LOFTUS.	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD,	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* LORD WILMOT.	Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Mr. HARDMAN,	*A Rising Member of Parliament, and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole.*	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE,	*A Gentleman of good Family and Estate.*	Mr MARK LEMON.
Mr. GOODENOUGH EASY,	*in Business, highly respectable and a Friend of* SIR GEOFFREY	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE TRIMMER,		Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM
COLONEL FLINT,		Mr. R. H. HORNE.
Mr. JACOB TONSON,	*(A Bookseller)*	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
SMART,	*(Valet to* LORD WILMOT)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE,	*(Servant to* SIR GEOFFERY THORNSIDE)	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN,	(Mr. FALLEN'S *Landlord*)	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. DAVID FALLEN,	*(Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
LORD STRONGBOW. SIR JOHN BRAIN, Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Watchmen, Newsmen.		
LUCY,	*(Daughter to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Miss MITCHELL.
BARBARA,	*(Daughter to* Mr EASY)	Miss FANNY YOUNG.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEAD MAN'S LANE,		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings,	Painted by Mr. PITT.
"The Murillo	" Mr. AHSOLON.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library,	" Mr. PITT.
Will's Coffee House,	" Mr. PITT.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane,	" Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.
The Distrest Poet's Garret, (after Hogarth)	" Mr. PITT.
The Mall in the Park,	" Mr. TELBIN.
An open space near the River,	" Mr. STANFIELD.
Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane,	" Mr. LOUIS.
The Act Drop,	" Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

Previous to the Play the Band will perform an OVERTURE, composed expressly for this occasion, by Mr. C. COOTE, Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

The performance to conclude with (for the ninth time) an Original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr. NIGHTINGALE,	Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Mr. GABBLEWIG, *(of the Middle Temple)*	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
CHARLEY BIT, *(a Boots)*	
Mr. POULTER, *(a Pedestrian and Cold-Water Drinker)*	
CAPTAIN BOWLER, *(an Invalid)*	
A RESPECTABLE FEMALE,	
A DEAF SEXTON,	
TIP, (Mr. GABBLEWIG'S *Tiger*)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
CHRISTOPHER, *(a Charity Boy)*	
SLAP, *(professionally Mr. Formwells—a Country Actor)*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. TICKLE, *(Inventor of the Celebrated Compounds)*	
A VIRTUOUS PERSON IN THE CONFIDENCE OF "MARIA,"	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
LUTHERS, *(Landlord of the "Water Lily")*	
ROSINA,	Miss FANNY YOUNG
SUSAN,	Mrs. COE.

The Proscenium by Mr. GRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Mechanist to the Royal Lyceum Theatre.
The Properties and appointments by Mr. G. FOSTER. The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, and the Dresses of the Farce, which are by Messrs. NATHAN,) made by Mr. BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON. Prompter. Mr. COE.

☞ THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

The Local Arrangements under the superintendence of a COMMITTEE OF THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM

Doors open at Six; commence at Seven precisely, by which time the whole of the audience are particularly recommended to be seated.

Reserved Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Body of Hall and Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Tickets, and Places for Reserved Seats, may be secured at the Free Trade Hall on and after Wednesday the 4th February, from 11 to 2 o'clock daily.

N.B.—BOOKS of the COMEDY can be had at Messrs. HIME and ANDERSON'S, 60, Ann's Square.

Facsimile of original play-bill in possession of Mr. J. W. A. Lingard.

many persons having been disappointed of tickets for the last performance." The writer has seen a bill announcing this performance as " for the fifth and last time," which is not correct, as this performance was the sixth. For each performance at the Hanover Square Rooms there was one price only, ten shillings, with a " family ticket," admitting three, for one guinea.

Towards the end of the year 1851 the first of the several provincial performances took place. This was at the Assembly Rooms, Bath, on Monday, November 10th, for which the tickets were 10/- and 7/- each (" Family Tickets," admitting three, were issued for £1 2s. 6d. and 16/- respectively). On the following Wednesday and Friday, the company played at the Victoria Rooms in Bristol, on which occasion the reserved seats were 10/- and 7/-, with unreserved at 5/- and 3/-. On each occasion " Mr. Nightingale's Diary " followed " Not So Bad as we Seem," and the cast was practically the same as that which appeared in the London productions, except that Westland Marston's part of Timid was played by Coe the prompter; Miss Cooper acted Mrs. Compton's part, and Miss Fanny Young that of Miss Chaplin.

On the Friday evening, Forster having a business engagement in town, his part of Hardman was taken by John Tenniel.

A month later the company again journeyed westward, this time to Reading, where, at the Town Hall, a performance was given on December 23rd. The plays and players were unchanged, as will be seen from the facsimile of the play-bill on page 97.

In the February following, Manchester and Liverpool were visited. At Manchester there was an audience of 2,700 people at the Free Trade Hall, on February 11th, 1852, and the takings exceeded £600.

The Liverpool performances were on February 13th and 14th at the Philharmonic Hall, with the same plays and cast as at Manchester.

There were no further presentations until May, when on the 10th the company played at the Music Hall, Shrewsbury. Three nights later they were at Birmingham Town Hall, the play-bill of which is reproduced on page 100.

The plays and cast were the same at both Shrewsbury and Birmingham, although it will be noted that there had been a change in some of the parts. Wilkie Collins now played the character of Softhead, formerly taken by Douglas Jerrold; John Tenniel played Forster's part of Hardman, leaving his original part, Hodge—a small one—to be played by a local man.

In August 1852 the final tour of the amateurs was arranged. This started at Nottingham on Monday, August 23rd, at the Mechanics' Hall when, in addition to the main play, the farces of " Mr. Nightingale's Diary " and " Two o'clock in the Morning " were played.

There were a few further changes in the old cast. Neither Douglas Jerrold nor Forster accompanied the party on this occasion, their parts being taken by Wilkie Collins and John Tenniel respectively; the part of Smart, formerly played by Collins, was acted by Mr. Coe, and a local actor appears to have been engaged in each town for Tenniel's part of Hodge.

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, in the County of Middlesex.

On THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13th, 1852,

THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE SEVENTEENTH TIME,

A NEW COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

(As presented before her Majesty at Devonshire House)

CALLED

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR,

MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

The Duke of Middlesex,	*Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender*	Mr. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.
The Earl of Loftus,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Lord Wilmot,	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago, Son to* Lord Loftus	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. Shadowly Softhead,	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* Lord Wilmot	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Mr. Hardman,	*A Rising Member of Parliament, and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole*	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL. (In the unavoidable absence of Mr. POINT POLLETTE.)
Sir Geoffrey Thornside,	*(A Gentleman of good Family and Estate)*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. Goodenough Easy,	*in Business, Highly Respectable, and a Friend of* Sir Geoffrey	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
Lord Le Trimmer,	*Frequenters of Will's Coffee House.*	Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
Colonel Flint,		Mr. R. H. HORNE.
Mr. Jacob Tonson,	*(A Bookseller)*	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
Smart,	*(Valet to* Lord Wilmot)	Mr. COE.
Hodge,	*(Servant to* Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Mr. JOHN JONES.
Paddy O'Sullivan,	*(Mr. Fallen's Landlord)*	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. David Fallen,	*(Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Lord Strongbow, Sir John Brain, Coffee-House Loungers,		Drawers, Watchmen, Newsman.
Lucy,	*(Daughter to* Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Miss MITCHELL.
Barbara,	*(Daughter to* Mr. Easy)	Miss FANNY YOUNG.
The Silent Lady of Deadman's Lane,		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings,	Painted by	Mr. PITT.
"The Murillo"	"	Mr. ABSOLON.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library,	"	Mr. PITT.
Will's Coffee House,	"	Mr. PITT.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane,	"	Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.
The distrest Poet's Garret, (after Hogarth)	"	Mr. PITT.
The Mall in the Park,	"	Mr. TELBIN.
An open space near the River,	"	Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane,	"	Mr. LOUIS HAGHE
The Act Drop,	"	Mr. ROBERTS, R.A

Previous to the Play the Band will perform an OVERTURE, composed expressly for this purpose, by Mr. C. COOTE, (Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire);

WHO WILL, ON THIS OCCASION, PRESIDE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

The performance to conclude with (for the sixteenth time) an Original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr. Nightingale,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Mr. Gabblewig.	*(of the Middle Temple)*	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Charley Bit,	*(a Boots)*	
Mr. Poulter,	*(a Pedestrian and Cold-Water Drinker)*	
Captain Blower,	*(an Invalid)*	
A Respectable Female,		
A Deaf Sexton,		
Tip,	Mr. Gabblewig's *Tiger)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Christopher,	*(a Charity Boy)*	
Slay,	*(professionally Mr. Florimville—a Country Actor)*	
Mr. Tickle,	*(Inventor of the celebrated Compounds)*	Mr. MARK LEMON
A Virtuous Person in the Confidence of "Maria,"		
Lithers,	*(Landlord of the "Water Lily")*	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Rosina,		Miss FANNY YOUNG.
Susan,		Mrs. COE.

The Prosecenium by Mr. GRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLONAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. G. FOSTER. The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, and the Dresses of the Farce, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Tichborne Street) made by Mr. BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand. Prompter, Mr. COE.

☞ THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

TICKETS, SEVEN SHILLINGS EACH,

TO ALL PARTS OF THE ROOM. EVERY PLACE WILL BE RESERVED.

The Doors will be opened at Six o'Clock, to commence at exactly Seven o'Clock, when the whole of the audience are particularly recommended to be seated.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARRIAGES.

At the Doors in Paradise Street.—To set down and take up with Horses' heads towards Easy Row.

At the Doors in Congreve Street.—To set down and take up with Horses' heads towards Edmund Street.

W. S Johnson, "Journal Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane

Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham.

Manager, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, in the County of Middlesex.

ON MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23rd, 1852,
THE AMATEUR COMPANY
OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART:

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

WILL HAVE THE HONOUR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE EIGHTEENTH TIME, A NEW COMEDY,

COMPRESSED INTO THREE ACTS,

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., called

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR,

MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

(Originally presented before her Majesty at Devonshire House)

The Duke of Middlesex,	*Peers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender*	Mr. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.
The Earl of Loftus,		Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Lord Wilmot,	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago, Son to* Lord Loftus	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. Shadowly Softhead,	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* Lord Wilmot	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Mr. Hardman,	*A Rising Member of Parliament, and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole*	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
Sir Geoffrey Morland, under the assumed name of Thornside,	*A Gentleman of good Family and Estate*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. Goodenough East,	*in Business, Highly Respectable, and a Friend of* Sir Geoffrey	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
Lord Le Tabmes,	*(a frequenter of Will's Coffee House.)*	Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
Mr. Jacob Tonson,	*(A Bookseller)*	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
Smart,	*(Valet to* Lord Wilmot)	Mr. COE.
Hodge,	*(Servant to* Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Mr. JOHN DARKER.
Paddy O'Sullivan,	(Mr. Fallen's *Landlord*)	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. David Fallen,	*(Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Lord Strongbow, Sir John Brain, Coffee-House Loungers,		Drawers, Watchmen, Newsman.
Lucy,	*(Daughter to* Sir Geoffrey Thornside)	Mrs. HENRY COMPTON.
Barbara,	*(Daughter to* Mr. East)	Miss FANNY YOUNG.
The Silent Lady of Deadman's Lane,		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings,	Painted by Mr. PITT.	The distrest Poet's Garret, (after Hogarth.)	Painted by Mr. PITT.
"The Murlin"	Mr. ABSOLON.	The Mall in the Park,	Mr. TELBIN.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library,	Mr. PITT.	An open space near the River,	Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Will's Coffee House,	Mr. PITT.	Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane,	Mr. LOUIS HAGHE
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane,	Mr. T. GRIEVE.	The Act Drop,	Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

Previous to the Play the Band will perform an OVERTURE, composed expressly for this purpose, by Mr. C. COOTE, (Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire;)

WHO WILL, ON THIS OCCASION, PRESIDE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

After which, (for the seventeenth time) an Original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

Mr. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr. Nightingale,	Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
Mr. Gabblewig, *(of the Middle Temple)*	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Charley Bit, *(a Bootz)*	
Mr. Poulter, *(a Pedestrian and Cold-Water Drinker)*	
Captain Blower, *(an Invalid)*	
A Respectable Female,	
A Deaf Sexton,	
Tip, (Mr. Gabblewig's *Tiger*)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Christopher, *(a Charity Boy)*	
Slap, *(professionally Mr. Flormiville—a Country Actor)*	Mr. MARK LEMON
Mr. Tickle, *(Inventor of the celebrated Compounds)*	
A Virtuous Person in the Confidence of "Maria,"	
Lithers, *(Landlord of the "Water Lily")*	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Rosina,	Miss. FANNY YOUNG.
Susan,	Mrs. COE.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Scene, (from the French) called

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Mr. Snowbington,	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
The Stranger,	Mr. MARK LEMON.

The Proscenium by Mr. CRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. G. FOSTER. The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, and the Dresses of the Farce, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street) made by Mr. BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Hay-market,

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Perruquier, Mr. WILSON. Prompter, Mr. COE.

☞ THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS

TICKETS, SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH,

To all parts of the Room, and numbered to correspond with the Seats, may be had of Mr. H Renshaw, 26 South Parade, Market Place, where a Plan of the Hall may be seen.

Entrance, on this occasion, *only* by the New Doorway, facing Trinity Church.

Directions for Carriages.—To set down with horses' heads towards Trinity Terrace, and take up with their heads towards Milnet Street. Doors open at Six o'Clock. To commence at exactly Seven o'Clock; when the whole of the audience are particularly requested to be seated.

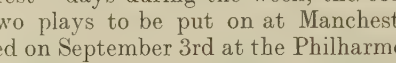
W. B. Adams, "Sussex Steam Press," 66, St. Martin's Lane.

Block kindly lent by Messrs. Jno. Sands and Sons, Nottingham.

The part of Sir Thomas Timid, originally played by Westland Marston, was omitted.

From Nottingham, the company visited Derby on August 25th and played at the Lecture Hall; two days later the company appeared at the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the following night they were at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland. Two days later (August 30th) they played at the Music Hall, Sheffield.

On the "rest" days during the week, the company was kept busy rehearsing two plays to be put on at Manchester on September 1st, to be repeated on September 3rd at the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool. On these occasions a new play was performed, but Dickens did not appear in it. This was "Charles XII." "Used Up" was revived at this time with Dickens in his old part, but many rehearsals must have been necessary, most of the other parts being new to their players.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Of the mere handful of "straight" plays that have been produced in London since the outbreak of war, one was an adaptation of *Great Expectations*. This was chosen by a co-operative group of London actors for production at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in December.

The adaptation by Mr. Alec Guinness was an exceedingly skilful one indeed it would be difficult to recall a Dickens play that more faithfully reflected the spirit and content of the book from which it sprang, and yet remained a cohesive piece of dramatic craftsmanship. It makes use of a large cast and by means of a very ingenious multiple setting, a very smoothly running performance was secured.

Mr. Alec Guinness himself played Herbert Pocket. His engaging and transparent sincerity had a charm that quite conquered the house whenever he appeared. Two equally faithful Dickensian impersonations were the Magwitch of Mr. Roy Emerton, and the Joe of Mr. Richard George. Hardly less successful was the formidable Jaggers of Mr. Wilfred Caithness and the striking Mrs. Joe of Miss Beryl Measor.

Miss Havisham was played with great power and insight by Miss Martita Hunt to the brilliant hard beauty of Miss Vera Lindsey's Estella. Finally, the very difficult part of Pip was entrusted to Mr. Marius Goring, who skilfully secured the sympathy of the audience for this young prig who had so much to excuse his priggishness.

L. C. S.

THE CAROL IN TORONTO

Two thousand two hundred and fifty people witnessed the performance of *A Christmas Carol* by the Toronto Branch in December last at the Hart House Theatre of Toronto University. On the Wednesday the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario witnessed the performance, and the Saturday Matinee was largely devoted to crippled and helpless children for whom this branch has been doing such good work for more than thirty years.

DICKENS'S EARLIEST KNOWN LETTER

APART from the schoolboy letter to Tom, now in the Dickens House, the earliest letter of Dickens came into the market in December last, when it was sold by auction at Sothebys. By the courtesy of the purchaser, Count de Suzannet, we are able to present our readers with a copy of it, together with some interesting notes provided by that gentleman.

The letter is written on pink paper, the text filling three pages 8vo. The fourth page carries the address, "Miss Leigh, Clapton," and the post-mark, March 8, 1831, a.m. The note was therefore written on Monday evening, March 7th, 1831. It reads as follows:

21 George Street
Monday

My dear Miss Leigh,

I have to apologise for not keeping my promise last night but the fact is I was so exceedingly tired from my week's exertions that I slept on the sofa the whole day. I therefore hope you will pardon my apparent rudeness, and that you will say, as you often do, "Ah Mr. Dickens it's quite excusable."

I called at Beadnells on purpose to fetch you this morning but you had just gone which vexed me very much as I had anticipated not only the pleasure of walking with you but also of picking that bone that we have to discuss which I will embrass the first opportunity of doing.

Just this instant as I was scoring under the second line from the top I smeared the letter which I hope you will also excuse as I am in a hurry and as "he is such a writer"

With compliments to Mr. & Mrs. Leigh,

I remain
(What shall I say) Yours truly ?
Charles Dickens.

This letter is interesting for several reasons. It is the earliest letter of Dickens's manhood which has come to light hitherto, the next earliest being the note to Tom Beard dated February 4th (1832).

We gather from the fact of his sleeping away the whole of Sunday "on the sofa" how tiring must have been his "exertions" as a reporter and shorthand writer. At that date, Dickens shared an office at 5 Bell Yard, Doctors' Commons.

The letter also confirms the fact that in March, 1831, Dickens was occupying those "Adelphi" lodgings at 21 George Street, several allusions to which are found in his correspondence of a later date.

It is clear from the contents of the note that Mary Anne Leigh, the intimate friend of Maria Beadnell, was already established in March, 1831, as the confidante of both young lovers. Even then, Dickens had "a bone to pick" with this young lady, whom he was subsequently to denounce as a fatal mischief maker and the destroyer of his romance.

In his parody entitled "The Bill of Fare," composed in the late spring of 1831, Dickens describes Miss Leigh as

> ". . . the greatest tormenter that ever I knew,
> Whenever she met you, at morn, noon or night,
> To tease and torment you was her chief delight,
> To each glance or smile she'd a meaning apply,
> On every flirtation she kept a sharp eye,
> Though—tender feelings I trust I'm not hurting—
> She ne'er herself much objected to flirting.
> She to each little secret always held the candle
> And I think she liked a small bit of scandal."

Mary Anne's father was a corn-chandler residing in Lea Bridge Road, Lower Clapton, and his family must have been well known to the postal authorities of the district, since Dickens's letter is merely addressed, "Miss Leigh, Clapton."

The story of Dickens's final quarrel with Mary Anne Leigh is told in his letters to Maria Beadnell of May 14th to May 19th, 1833 (*vide* "The Love Romance of Charles Dickens," by Walter Dexter, Argonaut Press, 1936, pp. 52-76). That he never forgave her may be gathered from the following paragraph of the letter he wrote to Maria (then Mrs. Winter) on February 10th, 1855:

> "Mary Anne Leigh we saw at Broadstairs about fifty years ago. Mrs. Dickens and her sister who read all the marriages in the papers shrieked to me when the announcement of hers appeared, what did I think of that? I calmly replied that I thought it was time I should have been more excited if I had known of the old gentleman with seven thousand a year, uncountable grown-up children, and no English grammar."

THE LATE MR. VICTOR ACKROYD, OF VANCOUVER

One of the founders and Hon. Secretary of the Vancouver Branch has passed away. Mr. Victor Ackroyd was one of the simplest of men, never seeking the limelight and always enjoying the appreciation bestowed upon others. He was a robust, upstanding Yorkshireman, with a cheery laugh, a firm handgrip, and a keen sense of humour. Where he thought a principle was involved he could be very definite; but he was always prepared to give way if, by so doing, it was for the cause he had so much at heart. The Fellowship owes much to him and the Vancouver Branch will find it easy to keep his memory green. He played his part equally well at the committee table, on the platform, or on the stage; for he was an excellent amateur actor shining in the small character parts for which Dickens gives such great opportunities. He was saturated in Dickens, and possessed a valuable library. In his position as a member of the Relief Department of Vancouver, he put into practice the teachings of the great Victorian writer. He adapted himself admirably to the life of the country of his adoption; his home-life was ideal, and he had a genius for friendship. He has left us with a real fragrant memory.

N. R.

A portrait of Mr. Ackroyd appeared in "The Dickensian" for 1937, *page* 301.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

"Ainsworth was the first to follow Marryat's example in publishing his own work in his own magazine; Dickens and Thackeray followed in *Household Words* and the 'Cornhill.'

"He soon came to know Harrison Ainsworth (of whose children he was particularly fond), Forster, Dickens, who had just burst upon an enraptured public, Theodore Hook . . .

"Those who regard Marryat merely as the author of innocuous children's books may be surprised to learn what a tempestuous character he was when he wrote 'Midshipman Easy.' He appears, indeed, to have been even more irascible in temper and profane in speech than the conventional notion of a retired sea captain might suggest. In 1846, Charles Dickens visited Lausanne and met someone who had known the Marryats when they lived there. In a letter to Forster (and it is typical of Forster's methods as a biographer that he only prints part of the letter and mentions no names) Dickens tells us enough about the Marryats to explain why their marriage was a failure. . . . 'Their mutual friend,' writes Dickens, 'describes himself as having always been in unspeakable agony at table, lest he (Marryat) should forget himself and break out before the ladies.' . . . 'Poor fellow,' continues Dickens, 'he seems to have had a hard time of it with his wife. She had no interest whatsoever in her children; and was such a fury, that being dressed to go out for dinner, she would sometimes, on no other provocation than a pin out of its place or some such thing, fall upon the maid she had, beat her till she couldn't stand, then tumble into hysterics, and be carried to bed. He suffered martyrdom with her; and seems to have been himself, in all good natural, easy-going ways, just what we know him now.'

"'Japhet,' Marryat's first land novel, has many admirers; and so has 'Snarleyyow, or the Dog Friend,' although its brutal type of humour is sometimes rather revolting. As an historical novel it is a complete failure, but it is undeniably impressive as a horrible grotesque. Indeed, it is possible that it influenced a more famous melodrama, *Oliver Twist*, which was written the next year; there is a suspicious resemblance between Smallbones, Nancy Corbett, and the arch-villain Lieut. Vanslyperken, and Oliver, Nancy and Bill Sikes.

"When Mr. Pickwick was in prison, Mr. Weller's advice was that he should write a book 'about the Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough.' Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau had just done so with great success, and most English best sellers have followed their example.

"A streak of vulgarity was discerned in Marryat's work, and he was accused of being the slave of his publishers. He replied in a long letter to 'Fraser's,' defending himself on the grounds that at least he provided reading matter for those 'who, until lately (and the chief credit of the alteration is due to Mr. Dickens) had hardly an idea of such recreation . . .'

"As he grew older his love for children grew stronger. . . . To romp with children was the only pleasure that remained to him. It

was this that endeared him to Dickens. Speaking of Dickens's own love of children's parties, Forster writes: 'There was no one who approached him on these occasions excepting only our attached friend Captain Marryat, who had a frantic delight in dancing, especially with children, of whom and whose enjoyments he was as fond as it became so thoroughly a good hearted a man to be. His name would have stood first among those I have been recalling, as he was among the first in Dickens's liking.' "—" Captain Marryat and the Old Navy," by Christopher Lloyd. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

DICKENS AND THE WEATHER

"In looking through one of Somerset Maugham's recent novels, 'Colophon,' of 'John o' London's Weekly,' noted that there was hardly a word in it about weather. This struck him as odd, because most English novels are full of a sense of weather. Dickens, for example, is always weather-conscious. Fresh airs blow about his characters when they travel by coach, Temple Bar is turned on torrid afternoons into a gridiron, rain lashes the streets in *Bleak House*, and Mr. Pickwick turns to the fire at Dingley Dell as news comes in from the fields that it is still snowing."—Herbert W. Horwill, "New York Times" Book Review, August 6th.

* * * * *

VICTORIAN LITERATURE

"How different [to W. M. Thackeray] was the lightning progress of the more humbly born Dickens! With him, 1837-8 were indeed creative years. During them he wrote the second series of *The Sketches by Boz*; he completed *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*; he published *Oliver Twist* in 'Bentley's Magazine'; and he began *Nicholas Nickleby*. It is hard not to envy the Victorians who had the good fortune of making first acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick, his fellow-members of the Club, and the Wellers, father and son, with Nancy, Bill Sikes, the Artful Dodger, and Fagin, with Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, the Mantalinis, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummles, and the Infant Phenomenon. Such a galaxy of immortals would alone entitle 1837-8 to be saluted as a vintage year."—Frederick S. Boas in "The Queen's Quarterly," Spring, 1939. (Kingston, Ontario.)

* * * * *

"It seems that all the theories are an extension of those of Aristotle's reason for the enjoyment of tragic drama. If we consider some of the novels of Dickens and Hardy and the novels of the depression we find that, intellectual considerations apart, we derive interest from the injustice of the fate of the characters by pity and fear."—"Reading: An Historical and Psychological Study," by H. V. Bonny. (Alex. J. Philip, Gravesend.)

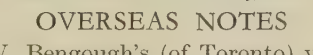
* * * * *

THE DAILY NEWS

"If among that assembly of Cadbury might and power who had gathered to inspect me I scented any friendly leanings towards politicians it was towards Asquith, who, shortly after he had become the Earl of Oxford and Asquith a year before, had, along with T. P. O'Connor, placed a corner-stone in the new 'Daily News' building in Bouverie Street. . . . We talked of this new building and I was surprised when a suggestion of mine that it should be named 'Dickens

House,' after the man who had founded the 'Daily News' eighty years before, was received with polite coolness. The keynote of things was to be the future, not the past, and Dickens, I gathered, suggested mustiness and a straining after prestige. One bold individual told me the paper had been long enough on the sacrificial altar of prestige and must now strike out for a big sale on modern lines. What irony that only a year or so had to pass before our most serious rival (the 'Daily Herald') ran off with our Dickens and turned him into a free-gift stunt which we and other 'popular' papers had to follow helter-skelter!

"Tom Curtis, the general manager, who seemed to share my views on the publicity value of the Dickens association, told me that the actual chair that Dickens had used as editor of the 'Daily News' in 1846 was lying in the storerooms. I suggested it should be repaired and brought to light. The idea thrilled the usually prosaic Tom. He asked if I would care to have the chair for my own use. Care to have it? Care to sit in Dickens's actual editorial chair? I became as excited about it as the other Tom. He dug out the chair from the depths of the lumber-room and brought it to me. I suggested it should be carefully overhauled by an expert and that a simple brass plate should be put on so that posterity might identify this historic piece of journalistic furniture. These things were eventually done and Dickens's chair had a place of honour in my room."—"My Lloyd George Diary," by Tom Clarke. (Methuen.)



OVERSEAS NOTES

The late Mr. J. W. Bengough's (of Toronto) version of the famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick Trial attracted a large gathering at the Theatre of the Winnipeg University on December 14th.

* * * * *

The Sydney Branch report a very successful year with an increasing membership, especially of the younger people. There were two hundred guests at the Christmas Party on December 7th, with old-time games and dances. The parade of Dickens characters was particularly well filled and created much interest. One hundred and thirty friendless patients in the Sydney Hospital have been made glad with gifts supplied by the members.

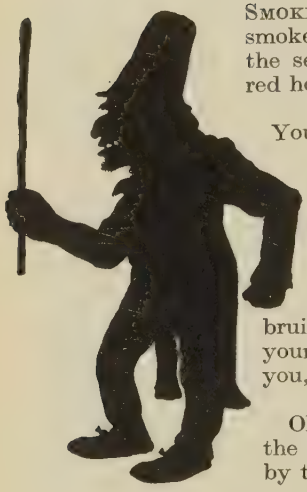
* * * * *

Dr. Wilson gave a masterly rendering of *A Christmas Carol* to the New York Branch on December 20th. Three groups of carols were sung by a trio under the direction of Miss Josephine Kirpal. The Tiny Tim Fund of this branch has been very busy all the year; special shoes and corrective braces have been supplied, and a specially constructed wheel-chair has been presented to the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled.

* * * * *

The Los Angeles Branch, although small, is full of enthusiasm and regular meetings are held at the house of the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Ida M. Moore, who is so ably assisted in the reception of the members by Miss White. At a recent meeting, special greetings were sent to the members in England, in sympathy with the trial they have to bear for what was most dear to the heart of Dickens.

QUIPS FROM QUILP



SMOKE away, you dog, fill your pipe again and smoke it fast down to the last whiff, or I'll put the sealing-wax end of it in the fire and rub it red hot upon your tongue.

* * * * *

You dog. I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes, if you talk to me, I will.

* * * *

Now. Stand upon your head again, and I'll cut one of your feet off.

* * * *

I'll beat you to a pulp, you dogs. I'll bruise you till you're copper coloured, I'll break your faces until you haven't a profile betweeen you, I will.

* * * *

Oh ! if I had him here ! Just to take him to the brink coaxingly and pleasantly—holding him by the button hole—joking with him,—and, with a sudden push, to send him splashing down.

* * * * *

I'm glad you're wet ; I'm glad you're cold. I'm glad your eyes are wet with crying. It does my heart good to see your little nose so pinched and frosty.

* * * * *

Drowning men come to the surface three times, they say. Ah ! To see him those three times, and to mock him as his face came bobbing up,—oh, what a rich treat that would be.

* * * * *

I have told you what to do. Woe betide you if you fail to do it, or disobey me by a hair's breadth.

* * * * *

I will be a Will o' the Wisp, now here, now there, dancing about you always, starting up when you least expect me, and keeping you in a constant state of restlessness and irritation.

* * * * *

Water for lawyers ! Molten lead and brimstone, you mean, nice hot blistering pitch and tar—that's the thing for them.

* * * * *

Be careful how you go. Be sure to pick your way among the timber, for all the rusty nails are upwards.

* * * * *

I'll keep watch-dogs in the yard that'll growl and bite—I'll have mantraps, cunningly altered and improved for catching women—I'll have spring guns, that shall explode when you tread upon the wires and blow you into little pieces.

* * * * *

There's a dog in the lane ; he bit a man last night, and a woman the night before, and last Tuesday he killed a child—but that was in play.

A TALE OF THREE AUTHORS

By LEO MASON

The Dickensian, in seeking information on matters appertaining to Dickens and his works is often confronted with many interesting facts relating to other writers who have left their own especial marks upon the world's literary page. It is the purpose of the following article to endeavour to reveal certain important consequences arising out of the inter-associations of Charles Dickens, William Harrison Ainsworth, and Edgar Allan Poe.

I.

IN January, 1809, the Boston and Charleston Players presented a season of Shakespearian plays at the Federal Theatre, Boston, America. The leading lady was a vivacious little actress named Elizabeth Arnold, who had married a Mr. Hopkins in 1802. Her husband, however, died in 1805 and it was not very long before she attracted the admiring gaze of a young man of gentle birth, who in order to be near the object of his affections threw up his studies for the law, left his comfortable home and joined the company as a player of small parts. Within a comparatively short time the young man and the vivacious little actress decided to marry and thus it came about that Elizabeth Arnold became Mrs. David Poe. In due time a son was born named Henry, and then on the 20th January, 1809, a second son was born and named Edgar. Things did not prosper with the little family; a new star arose in the company of players; Elizabeth Arnold began to show signs of ill-health, her husband, who was a very indifferent actor, suddenly vanished, and poverty, ill-health and the birth of a daughter at length drove her from the boards. A benefit performance was given for her by the company in which she had for so long been the star; and on the 8th December, 1811, she died in poverty, valiantly trying to support her two infants to the last. During the closing days of her life a Mrs. Allan and a Mrs. Mackenzie, two ladies of fashion, did all they could to ease her last moments, and two days after their mother's death the children were taken away. Edgar, aged about three years, was taken home by Mrs. Allan, and Rosalie, a mere infant, was cared for by Mrs. Mackenzie.

Frances Allan was the wife of a wealthy merchant named John Allan. She had been married eight years and had no family; her husband allowed her to care for Edgar Poe, although he would not officially adopt him, and until her death, some twenty years later, Mrs. Allan lavished a mother's loving care on the boy who was henceforth to be known as Edgar Allan Poe, one of the foremost of America's literary men and one who was to leave his own especial mark upon the world's literary page.

Edgar was brought to England by his guardians in the year 1815; they arrived in London and settled down in a house just off Gower Street, and the boy attended a school at Stoke Newington. They returned to America in the year 1820, the year that young Charles Dickens first came to live in London at the age of eight. It is also interesting to recall that three years later, in 1823, the boy Dickens

and his family also came to live in Gower Street. Further, in the following year, William Harrison Ainsworth arrived in London; Charles Dickens was working in a blacking factory, and over in America Edgar Allan Poe, now aged fifteen years, was living in the lap of luxury and already showing signs of being a dreamer of strange dreams; spending much time in reading and writing poems, much to John Allan's displeasure. He wanted Edgar to be more practical in his outlook and to take an active interest in the buying and selling of merchandise, but to his annoyance the boy displayed no interest in business affairs.

His guardian eventually sent him to a university with a view to making a lawyer of him. Edgar acquitted himself well in his studies but still persisted in following his literary bent. John Allan began to lose interest in him, Edgar incurred heavy gambling debts, was brought home, quarrelled with his guardian and left the shelter of his house. He next endeavoured to get some of his poems published but without success and eventually joined the army under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry and served for three years. In 1829 at the death of his foster mother, whom he dearly loved, he became reconciled to his guardian, who arranged for him to enter a school for officers. The would-be poet deliberately disobeyed orders, was court martialled and dismissed the service. His guardian married a second wife, died soon afterwards, and left a fortune, but not a single cent to Edgar who in his impoverished state found refuge with his maternal aunt—a Mrs. Clemm, and eventually married her daughter, Virginia, a girl of 14 years.

Poe now desperately intent on getting his poems published, unavailingly hawked them round to several publishers, but finally succeeded in persuading a young man who was just starting in the publishing trade to do this for him. The venture was a financial failure but it was the means of getting his name in "The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette," in which a notice of one of his poems read, "I E.A.P. of Baltimore, whose lines about 'Heaven' . . . are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense, would but do himself justice he might make a beautiful and perhaps magnificent poem. There is a good deal here to justify such a hope." But Poe had no success with his poems and began to write a number of short stories, eleven in all "Tales of the Folio Club," but the passing of two or three years left him still in poverty. He offered his Tales to several publishers—they turned them down as not being suitable for publication. It so happened that in July, 1833, "The Baltimore Saturday Visitor" offered a prize of 50 dollars for the best short story submitted within a given time. Poe sent in his "Tales." The judges had no difficulty in appraising "the singular force and beauty of those (Tales) by the author of the 'Tales of the Folio Club'," and they "awarded the premier award to a tale entitled 'The MS. Found in a Bottle.'" Moreover they averred that "E.A.P., the author, owes it to his reputation as well as to the gratification of the community to publish the entire volume." For the Tales "are eminently distinguished by a wild

vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and a varied and curious learning." In spite of this very favourable notice no publisher was prepared to pay anything to the author for his manuscript. Nevertheless, the year 1833 marks the beginning of Poe's literary career, and although his financial gains were very small his writings were contributing to the building up of his future fame. One of the judges who had awarded him the 50 dollar prize obtained a position for him on the staff of " The Southern Literary Messenger," in which paper he published some of his Tales, but after about 18 months he gave up the post and removed to New York, where he persuaded " Harper's Magazine " to publish a new story—the longest he wrote—" The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." Once again financial gains being very small he was driven to doing hack-work for magazines by contributing able reviews and criticisms of books, be it noted principally English, which were being published in America. New York was no kind city to him, and after a stay of twelve months he moved off to Philadelphia, at that time the centre of the American book world ; it was his home for the next six years until 1844.

It is worthy of notice that the year 1833 marked the beginning of the literary careers of our three authors ; Ainsworth rose to fame in a night with his " Rookwood," Dickens saw his first story, *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* in all the glory of print, and Poe had the satisfaction of seeing his " MS. Found in a Bottle " printed in the front page of a newspaper.

II.

As readers of *The Dickensian* are fully aware of the facts relative to the early life and subsequent rise to fame of both Ainsworth and Dickens, it is only necessary to mention for our present purpose that, after Ainsworth had introduced Dickens to Macrone with a view to the publication of *Sketches by Boz*, the latter entered into agreement with Dickens for a three volume novel entitled " Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London." Dickens, who found the writing of the story very irksome, failed to produce it at the appointed time, and having compromised with Macrone, put it on one side. Later he promised to complete it for Bentley under the altered title of *Barnaby Rudge.* a Tale of the Riots of 1780, but lacking inspiration was forced to make a compromise with Bentley and but for Forster's advice would have scrapped the story altogether.

Now it has been pointed out in a recent number of *The Dickensian* that when Ainsworth's " Jack Sheppard " followed Dickens's *Oliver Twist* in the pages of " Bentley's Miscellany," Ainsworth received a severe castigation from the critics because, in the words of Forster, they considered that " public morality and public decency have rarely been more endangered than by the trumpeted exploits of Jack Sheppard." These attacks caused Ainsworth considerable annoyance and pain because he maintained that " I really believe the romance to be harmless—as harmless at least as *Oliver Twist.*" Thackeray,

on the other hand believed *Oliver Twist* to be harmful—as harmfu at least as Jack Sheppard, and in a foreword to his satire " Catherine observed that although some eminent writers had already describe fully, agreeably low and delightfully disgusting characters—notably Fagin, Turpin, and Jack Sheppard—nevertheless, he himself presente a story in which " the public will hear of nothing but rogues ; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves is to paint such thieves as they are ; down right scoundrels leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate dissolute, low ; as scoundrels will be. They don't live like gentlemen . . . or die whitewashed saints like poor ' Biss Dadsy ' in *Oliver Twist* Men of genius like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable ; to be feeding their readers morbid fancies or indulging their own, with such monstrous food."

As a result of these adverse criticisms Ainsworth abandoned the school of criminal fiction and instead produced a highly successful series of romances based on historical themes ; " Guy Fawkes," followed " Sheppard " in the Miscellany, " The Tower of London " was published in monthly parts and " Old St. Paul's " appeared as a serial story in the " Sunday Times," the three romances appearing almost simultaneously during the period 1840-41. Ainsworth's popularity increased ; the critics once again spoke favourably of his writings and for the time being historical novels were all the rage. In view of the foregoing it is very interesting to notice that in 1841 Dickens decided to complete *his* historical novel, but it was to be something more than just an historical novel : it was to have a mystery in it as well.

III.

As the early chapters of *Barnaby Rudge* came off the printing presses they were pirated and printed in Philadelphia by the firm Lea and Blanchard, and eventually arrived upon the desk of the editor of " Graham's Magazine " in America. Now the editor, Edgar Allan Poe, was a critic of extraordinary penetration, and if anyone could fathom a mystery it was he ; in fact tales of mystery and imagination were his own especial line, although he had never made any money out of them ; that was why he had to be content with being the editor of " Graham's Magazine " at a meagre salary. He had approached Lea and Blanchard to get them to publish a two-volume edition of his " Tales," which would include eight additional mystery stories. In order that he might at least have a chance of being read he was forced, as always in the past, to propose that all proceeds should go to the publishers, his only reward being some copies of the work for himself. The publishers turned the offer down. The iron of it here before his eyes " in all the glory of print " were the first eleven chapters of Lea and Blanchard's reprint of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, a story with a mystery in it ; moreover, it was selling like the proverbial hot cakes !

After having read but one seventh of the story, the only portion at the time available in America, Poe announced in the columns of the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post" for the 1st May, 1841* that he had solved the mystery, if indeed it could be said that there was any mystery to be solved. He then proceeded to give reasons for his deductions and concluded with a forecast of what he considered would be the essential events in the subsequent plot of the story. The weeks passed by; the story was completed. Poe was hopelessly out of it with his forecast; the plot had not worked out according to his preconceived ideas; the only success he had made was to name the real murderer. However, far from being dismayed he published in "Graham's Magazine" for February, 1842, a lengthy review of the whole story, in which he pointed out what he considered many weaknesses and inconsistences in the plot; he thought that the second half of the story appeared to have been tacked on to the first half (he did not know, of course, that Dickens had actually done this). He thought that Dickens had deceived himself and changed the original course of his plot. He had much to say about the incidents, coincidences, and characters in the story. He was particularly disappointed in the behaviour of Barnaby and his raven, saying, "The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been prophetically heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed, in regard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does, in music, the accompaniment in respect to the air. Each might have been distinct. Each might have differed remarkably from the other. Yet between them there might have been wrought an analogical resemblance, and although each might have existed apart, they might have formed together a whole which would have been imperfect in the absence of either."

Poe thought very highly of Dickens and from the beginning of his literary career recognised his undoubted genius in the realms of Humour, Pathos, and Tragedy. He considered the story of "The Black Veil" contained in *Sketches by Boz* to be "one of the most forcible things ever written—a strangely pathetic and richly imaginative production, replete with the loftiest tragic power." Moreover, in acknowledging Dickens's "very great and peculiar powers" he declared that "through his genius he has perfected a standard from which art itself will derive its essence in rules." With regard to the story of *Barnaby Rudge* however he concluded his review with the following observations. "Mr. Dickens has done this thing well, to be sure—he would do anything well in comparison with the herd of his contemporaries—but he has not done it so thoroughly well as his high and just reputation would demand. We think that the whole book has been an effort to him—solely through the nature of its design. He has been smitten with an untimely desire for a novel path. The idiosyncracy of his intellect would lead him, naturally into the most

* Reprinted in *The Dickensian*, 1913, pages 173—8.

fluent and simple style of narration. In tales of ordinary sequence he may and will long reign triumphant. He has a talent for all things but no positive genius for adaptation, and still less for the metaphysical art in which the souls of all mysteries lie. "Caleb Williams is a far less noble work than *The Old Curiosity Shop*; but Mr. Dickens could no more have constructed the one than Mr. Godwin could have dreamed of the other." It is a splendid critical review displaying Poe's outstanding analytical powers.

A fortnight after the review appeared in Philadelphia, Charles Dickens himself appeared in that city. He had been in America for some few weeks and when in Boston had delivered a speech on International Copyright. He wrote home to Foster: "I spoke as you know of international copyright at Boston. My friends were paralysed with wonder at such audacious daring. The notion that I, a man alone by himself in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point on which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us, actually struck the boldest dumb. Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, every man who writes in this country is devoted to the question and not one of them dares to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong. I wish you could have seen the faces that I saw down both sides of the table when I began to talk about Scott. I wish you could have heard how I gave it out. My blood so boiled as I thought of the monstrous injustice (to writers generally) that I felt as if I were twelve feet high when I thrust it down their throats. The dinner committee here composed of the first gentlemen in America were so dismayed that they besought me not to pursue the subject, although they everyone agree with me."

Dickens said that no one had dared to speak out. There had been one, Edgar Allan Poe; he had spent much of his time and energy protesting against the unfair treatment of authors through the shady methods resorted to by publishers and editors in securing copy for their publications. The fact of the matter was that from the publisher's point of view it was a much better commercial proposition to pirate an English novel than to print the original work of American authors. No payment to the author could be legally demanded and the task of setting-up the type from a printed book instead of handwritten manuscript was made much easier. Publishers vied with each other in obtaining copies of new English novels; all sorts of ruses were resorted to in order that any one firm might obtain possession of a book, but one day in advance of a rival concern. The book once obtained was divided up among a number of compositors, who speedily set the work up on the frames and soon a new American edition of Scott, Ainsworth, Dickens or someone else was issuing from the printing presses and passing on to the booksellers. The publisher did not incur any financial risks because they were able to pick and

choose amongst the " best sellers " produced in plenty over a long period of years. The position of the American writers was a well nigh hopeless one.

On the day after Dickens had settled himself at the United States Hotel, Philadelphia, he received a communication from Edgar Allan Poe, together with the latter's review of *Barnaby Rudge* and two volumes of his " Tales." Dickens replied to him the same day.

6th March, 1842.

My Dear Sir,

I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the favour to call. I think I am more likely to be in the way between half-past eleven and twelve than at any other time. I have glanced over the books you have been so kind as to send me, and more particularly at the papers to which you call my attention. I have the greater pleasure in expressing my desire to see you on this account. Apropos of the construction of " Caleb Williams," do you know that Godwin wrote it *backwards*, the last volume first—and that when he had produced the hunting dream of Caleb and the catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done ?

Faithfully yours always,

Charles Dickens.

Poe accordingly visited Dickens and discussed the topic of International Copyright and Poe's hope of obtaining recognition in England. He asked Dickens to aid him in finding a publisher in London who would be prepared to publish his tales and poems. Dickens promised to do all he could. At last Poe thought that he had found someone to whom he could turn for support ; but time passed by and nothing happened. Poe wrote to Dickens later in the year and received the following reply dated 27th November, 1842 :

" I have never forgotten my promise, I have tried in vain with Moxon to place some of your ' Tales.' I have mentioned your work to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have one and all, declined the venture saying that they could not entertain publishing a collection of short stories by an unknown writer ; even an Englishman would not be at all likely to find a publisher just now. Do not however for one moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection and I am at all times prepared to stand by and forward your views in this country, if I can."

IV.

Circumstances were perhaps different at that time, but our thoughts go back to those days when Ainsworth was attracted by some short stories signed " Boz," which occasionally appeared in the " Monthly Magazine " and the " Evening Chronicle," got acquainted with the author and said, " My word, Dickens, you've got something there. Why not publish them in book form. You come along with me and I'll get my publisher, John Macrone, to publish them for you."

However, the kindly but not very helpful letter brought no reply fro Poe; it was but another disappointment added to the many that ha gone before. On the appearance of *American Notes*, in America, Po is thought to have replied to Dickens's attack in a pamphlet publishe in Boston under the pen-name of Quarles Quickens, but the authentici of this has not been substantiated.

On 31st December, 1842, however, Dickens in a letter to his Americ friend, Professor Felton, comments: "The American book has be a most complete and thorough-going success. Four large editio have now been sold and paid for, and it has won golden opinions fro all sorts of men, except our friend in F——, who is a miserable creature a disappointed man in great poverty, to whom I have ever been mo kind and considerate (I need scarcely say that); and another frien in B——, no less a person than an illustrious gentleman named —— who wrote a story called ———. They have done no harm, an have fallen short of their mark, which, of course, was to annoy me. The absence of names in the letter prevents any definite conclusio being arrived at; various authorities have expressed the opinion tha "the friend in B——" may have been Poe, but the true facts of th case would appear to be that Dickens was referring to the writers o two hostile reviews which had been published in "Frazer's" an "Blackwood's" magazines respectively. Poe's *nom de plume* wa Quarles; the writer of the Blackwood article signed himself Q.Q.Q but there is nothing else to suggest that it was the work of Poe.

One writer* has said that "The kindly and compassionate Dicken turned from his personal impression of the American Poet to tha quite different impression supplied to him by Poe's arch enemy, Ruf Griswold. But it would have been better for the whole world o literature if Dickens instead of returning to England to note gleefull those defects of exuberance which he had detected in the American had heralded the marvellous discovery in that country of a wor Poet and a stern, just, and competent critic." Well! that may o may not be so, it all depends on circumstances and as to how we vie the matter. We can however be quite sure that Dickens did rend Poe the greatest service of his life; he provided the American with th necessary inspiration, whereby he achieved lasting fame. We reca Poe's thoughts arising out of the story of *Barnaby Rudge*. "Th croakings of the raven might have been prophetically heard in th course of the drama and performed much the same part as does i music the accompaniment in respect to the air."

An anonymous poem entitled "The Raven" appeared in th "Evening Mirror" on 29th January, 1845: "No American poe had ever achieved so instant and so wide a success. The raven indee 'threatened to displace the eagle as the national bird,' the bus editorial scissors of the day reduplicated it in endless publications for a week or so everybody was asking who the author was an mouthing over the stanzas. With the revelation of the author name, Poe found himself instantly famous, the object of curiosit

* J. A. T. Lloyd. "The Murder of Edgar Allan Poe," 1928.

and the strange, romantic, diabolic and tragic figure that he has ever since remained."*

Edgar Allan Poe achieved fame in a night—lasting fame and he soared to fame on the wings of Grip the Raven. Further in February, 1849, the year in which he died, Poe published his second outstanding success, " The Bells." His friend, F. W. Thomas, to whom he presented the manuscript has left on record that Poe told him that his final inspiration for the poem was that little story *The Chimes*, by Charles Dickens.

Perhaps we might venture to suggest that if there had been an International Copyright law, the English writers may not have so completely taken possession of the American public, and perhaps Poe might have achieved fame earlier in his career; perhaps also a Mark Twain or a Bret Harte might have made his appearance somewhat sooner. On the other hand did not Dickens himself write to Macready from Baltimore a fortnight after his meeting with Poe and after referring to International Copyright, say, " If I had been born here and had written my books in this country, producing them with no stamp of approval from any other land, it is my solemn belief that I should have lived and died poor unnoticed and a ' black sheep ' to boot. I never was more convinced of anything than I am of that."

This bears out Poe's own experience as recorded in his statement: " We ourselves have had the honour of being pirated without mercy—but as we found our articles improved in the process (at least in the opinion of our countrymen), we said nothing, as a matter of course. We have written paper after paper which attracted no notice at all until it appeared as original in ' Bentley's Miscellany.' The ' Boston Notion ' once abused us very lustily for having written ' The House of Usher.' Not long afterwards Bentley published it anonymously as original, whereupon the ' Notion ' having forgotten that we wrote it, not only lauded it *ad nauseam*, but copied it *in toto*." Incidentally the story, one of Poe's best, was " lifted " from Burton's " Gentleman's Magazine " (American) by Bentley and was published in his " Miscellany " during Ainsworth's editorship.

It was as a critic that Poe first attracted wide attention and his critical writing was so much superior to the best of what had preceded it, that literary criticism in America might be said to have begun with Poe. He had a faculty for analysis and few Americans of his day had finer intellectual endowments. He contended that fiction to be scientific must be brief—yield as it were a totality of impression at a single sitting. The writer must concentrate upon a single effect to be arrived at by the shortest possible route; there must be no overplus; he specialised in form and finesse.

As a writer he was a man of the intellect only; an artist for the sake of art. His stories are in the main single strokes, massings of details, told with exactness of diction. He was not the creator of the short story as such, but he most certainly was the first to forecast

* " Israfel," Hervey Allen. 1927. " The Raven " was not published for the first time in the " American Whig Review,' 1844, as incorrectly stated in *The Dickensian*, 1912, page 91.

the new art of the short story and to lay down definite laws. He was outstanding in the creation of incident, in the construction of plot and in the depicting of intensely vivid situations. There can be no doubt that he was the inventor of the detective story, Poe through Wilkie Collins on to Conan Doyle, and thence to Edgar Wallace, until to-day when the writers of detective fiction are legion.

On the sinister side he had a peculiar mastery of that sense of fear and horror that lurks in every human mind. He created a world of his own; a world of dim shadows and ghostly spirits, ghastly and chilling.

His main limitations as a writer appear to lie in his almost complete lack of healthy humour, in his incapacity to create characters and in his morbidness of mood; neither was he expert in the management of dialogue and his fondness for the terrible accounted for the lack of variety in his themes.

A friend of Poe in writing about his "Tales" said: "For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his invention, with little or no aid from its twin brother imagination—a book full of homely doings, of successful toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides—a book healthy and happy throughout."

In other words he meant: If only Poe could have written in the manner of Dickens: but had he done so he would not have been remembered to-day as the writer of "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."

V.

There would at first appear to be nothing in common between Poe and Dickens and yet Dickens had a powerful mastery over the sense of horror that lurks in every human mind, which enabled him to achieve some of his most masterly triumphs in characterisation and to portray scenes of such dramatic intensity that they are outstanding in English literature. But the horror he portrays is the common lot of the common man; the fear of Bill Sikes after he had murdered Nancy, or better still the mental anguish of Jonas Chuzzlewit after he had treacherously murdered Montague Tigg, "and became in manner his own ghost and phantom." The corpse of the murdered man was ever present before his eyes so that "he was for ever showing and presenting it, as it were, to every creature whom he saw." This particular description will bear more than mere comparison with Poe's story entitled "The Tell-Tale Heart."

Dickens could be a match for Poe in this particular vein of writing but the English novelist was also endowed with an unlimited amount of healthy humour and the power to create characters; he was an expert at inventing dialogue; an adept at the creation of incident.

If, as Poe maintained, fiction to be scientific must be brief, then Dickens's works are not scientifically constructed, neither according to Poe was he skilled in the management of his plots. When writing

a novel Dickens seldom knew much in advance as to what course his story would pursue. When he did set himself to write a carefully-planned tale—*A Tale of Two Cities*—it is of some interest to note how closely the form complied with Poe's dicta. On the other hand Poe said that Dickens had no talent for writing a mystery story, but we are confronted with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* What is the real solution to the mystery? Could it be that Dickens had indeed successfully mastered "the metaphysical art in which the souls of all mysteries lie." Who can say—it must ever remain a mystery.

And now in drawing to a close we must not omit to mention that Ainsworth, the first of our three authors to be born, the last to die, also loved to mystify and play upon the feelings of his readers with vivid descriptions of Witches' Sabbaths where black cats with eyes like balls of fire prowl about the scene, while Ravens, birds of ill omen, flap their black wings and utter weird and piercing cries as they swoop about the acrid vapours arising from some charm-laden cauldron, wizards, black art, underground vaults and cellars, love philtres and deadly poisons, charms and spells, these together with numerous mechanical contrivances such as sliding doors and moving walls were grist to the omnivorous mill of Ainsworth's imagination. He entertained his readers by reproducing the terrors and superstitions of the past and presented them with all the gusto and showmanship of the stage magician.

VI.

We see then that although Ainsworth was not endowed with an outstanding genius like either Dickens or Poe he has, nevertheless, played a most important part in our tale of three authors, because we see that—Edgar Allan Poe, whose ambition it was to be known as a great poet, achieved lasting fame through his poem "The Raven," which we have seen was inspired by Dickens's Grip, but the story of Barnaby and his Raven was originally to have been the story of Gabriel Vardon, the locksmith of London, and this was a story originally intended for the publisher, John Macrone, because Charles Dickens had been introduced to him by his friend, because his friend William Harrison Ainsworth, the Lancashire novelist, had noticed some trifles in the way of short stories or sketches written by an unknown writer under the name of Boz.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DICKENS'S LONDON?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 88.)

1, The Inns of Court and Chancery; 2, Barnard's Inn, Holborn; 3, Bloomsbury Street; 4, Thavies Inn, Holborn; 5, Mr. Jaggers's in Little Britain; 6, At Mr. Tulkinghorn's House, 56 Lincolns Inn Fields; 7, Near Mincing Lane; 8, At Norie & Wilson in 156 Minories; 9, At the George and Vulture, Lombard Street; 10, Great Russell Street; 11, Grays Inn Square; 12, Staple Inn; 13, Goswell Street; 14, Tom and Ruth Pinch; Islington; 15, Two: 48 Doughty Street, 1 Devonshire Terrace; 16, Symond's Inn; 17, Said to be Grocers Hall Court; 18, Lant Street in the Borough; 19, Webbs County Terrace, New Kent Road.

SOME PEOPLE IN "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

A TALL meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. . . . He had a cringing manner but a very harsh voice and his blandest smiles were so extremely forbidding, that to have had his company under the least repulsive circumstances, one would wish him to be out of temper that he might only scowl. Sampson Brass.

* * * *

A shock-headed shambling awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. . . . He had a remarkable manner of standing sideways as he spoke and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. Kit Nubbles.

* * * * *

An elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning ; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard ; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. Daniel Quilp.

* * * * *

Wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face. His attire was not remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder, which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. Dick Swiveller.

* * * * *

A little merry-faced man with a twinkling eye and a red nose, who seemed to have unconsciously imbibed something of his hero's (Punch) character . . . The real name of the little man was Harris, but it has gradually merged into the less euphonious one of Trotters, which with the prefaratory adjective, Short, had been conferred upon him by reason of the small size of his legs. Short.

* * * * *

The lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow —rather a dirty sallow, so to speak— but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Sally Brass.

HOW WE RUN OUR BRANCH

(7) PALOS VEDRES

We have only twenty members, but then it must be remembered that Palos Vedres has only twelve hundred inhabitants, so the proportion of Dickens lovers is correspondingly high. The birthplaces of these twenty indicate the universality of Dickens; they come from nine states bordering the Pacific coast, from England, Wales, Chili, and China. We meet monthly at members' houses in turn, and in the interval read eight chapters of the Book of the Season. At the meeting the best parts of those chapters are selected for reading, and discussion on them follows. The press Chairman collects and reads comments on Dickens which have appeared in the contemporary press, and current magazines. Our modest annual subscription of $1.50 includes *The Dickensian* to each member; and we cannot understand how any branch can carry on successfully without each one of its members receiving the magazine. Towards helping the needy, we have a box for voluntary contributions, which are devoted to the provision of meals to poor schoolchildren.

During the summer we sew garments for little ones, whose mothers leave them at a day hospital while they go out to work. For these we also make garments (to take on and off) for dolls to make happy the days of these tiny tots.

Our red-letter days are the Birthday banquet and the summer picnic. The former is held in the spacious dining-room of the Country Club, and members are permitted to bring friends. Speeches are delivered and dramatic sketches from Dickens enliven the proceedings. These are always given in costume, and the function is made additionally enjoyable by singing the old songs so dear to us. At the 1939 Dinner we were joined by the Pickwick Branch from Los Angeles, and we are now looking forward to a second visit from them this February.

The picnic is held in June; on this occasion each member supplies one dish of her most delectable cooking, and the members turn out in Dickens costumes.

Throughout all our activities we keep to the fore the aim and object "to spread the love of humanity which is the keynote of all his works."

Grace M. Hawkins,
Ex-President.

(8) CALIFORNIA PICKWICK BRANCH

It is well known that Dickens lavished his tenderest care on all children, and from them he drew inspiration for his masterpieces. For him, a child could do no wrong.

That is the justification which we, the baby of the Fellowship (No. 131), offer for two projects that might otherwise seem presumptuously bold.

First, we purpose to adopt a bad boy—the badder he is the better. To qualify he must be poor, and he must be one who is downright bad. Where do we purpose to find him? Why, in the Juvenile Courts, of course. And what do we purpose to do with him? We intend to introduce him to Dickens, to show him the difference between the high road and the low road, to guide him to good citizenship and an

enlightened adulthood. He will be the official mascot of our branch. On Christmas Day we will treat him and his family to a feast, the like of which would have made Tiny Tim's mouth water. And during the summer we hope to give him a week of such camp life as will make him forget every Fagin it may have been his misfortune to meet. We make no promises that our plan will work; but we do contend that the end justifies the experiment, and that if it is humanly possible to salvage a life under such circumstances, we're willing to make the effort.

Our second project is for each of the members to become an authority on a particular work of Dickens. We want to feel there is someone in the branch who is an especial authority on each of the works, and who could be held responsible for a thorough knowledge thereof. For fear everyone might want the same title, we drew lots. Since we have just about as many members as there are works of Dickens, the plan proved to be a happy one.

Then we pondered the fact that, so far as we knew, Dickens has never had his Charles and Mary Lamb. To be sure, numerous condensations of individual works have appeared from time to time, and several efforts have been made to condense the principal works within the compass of a single volume. But we knew of no one book available to the reading public that condenses each of the novels into approximately the length of a chapter. Each of us is working on such treatment of each of the masterpieces, preserving Dickens's own style and flavour.

And the purpose of such a project? There are several. One—that we may know our Dickens better. Another, because we enjoy it. Another, that we want to have something concrete and tangible to show at the end of the year. And who knows, we may find a publisher.

If you disapprove of our two projects, be tolerant. Remember that we're young. But we're growing all the time, in years certainly, and maybe in wisdom.

EDWARD CARROLL SIBLEY, Ph.D., Litt.D.,
President.

(9) MONTREAL.

THE Montreal Branch (No. 52) was founded in the year 1909 when Earl Grey was His Majesty's representative at Ottawa. His Excellency graciously consented to be the patron and has been succeeded in this office by each Governor General since.

From its beginning the Branch has been deeply interested in philanthropic work, particularly that done for underprivileged children. It has endowed two Tiny Tim cots in Children's Hospitals, equipped two dormitories in a Boys' Home, and presented a set of Dickens works in Braille to the Institute for the Blind. Other philanthropic undertakings form part of its regular undertakings for each season.

The Branch holds monthly meetings from October to April inclusive. For the past few years the first meeting of each season has been open to members and their friends without an admission charge, the main feature being a discussion of the "book of the year" by the Honorary President. At succeeding meetings each member must present a membership ticket, and guests are admitted for a fifty cent charge, the money being designated for the Welfare Fund of the Branch. The programme of a regular meeting consists usually of an address by some outstanding speaker on some phase of Dickens's work, a

short programme of music, and frequently a dramatic presentation of a Dickensian scene by members of the Fellowship Company of Players.

The December meeting is always of a character appropriate to the season, and Santa Claus is present in person to receive from members gifts of toys, clothing, and cash, which next day are distributed by the Welfare Committee among several welfare organisations, chiefly those caring for children.

Another event in the Fellowship year is the Annual Bridge Drive carried through by a Committee of Ladies. A charge of 75 cents is made and as expenses are kept to a minimum, a substantial amount is realized for welfare work.

The Birthday Banquet is held in one of the large hotels and is an outstanding event. Distinguished guests propose and respond to the various toasts. Greetings are exchanged with Branches across the continent and with Headquarters.

Still another special feature of the year is a major Dickensian play, presented by the Fellowship Players. Fine talent among the players and excellent direction assure a finished production, which runs two or three evenings. The net proceeds from the Play are added to the funds of the Branch.

The annual membership fee is $2.00 and members are urged to subscribe an additional $1.00 for *The Dickensian*. The number of members in 1939 was close to 400, but conditions in the present season have caused a drop of 25 per cent. The amount realised by fees covers the running expenses of the Branch, and at the close of the year the balance of the funds (excepting a reserve amount), together with the amount accumulated specifically for welfare work from special events, is divided among several philanthropic organisations. Annual treats are also given to the residents in the Aged Folks' Home and the girls who gather at the Big Sister Headquarters. Thus it will be seen that the Branch concerns itself equally with a Dickensian interest for the underprivileged members of society and the Dickensian quality and character of its monthly programmes.

At the closing meeting of the season, reports of the year's activities are given to the membership, and the election of Officers and Executive Committee is held. As each Officer and Committee Member (with the exception of Treasurer and Secretaries) is elected for a term of two years, one half of the number comes up for election at each Annual Meeting. As it is the custom that the wives and husbands of members of the Executive Committee are included in the meetings, and have a voice though not a vote in all the deliberations, and as the Committee meetings are held regularly monthly, this group constitutes a centre of sociability and friendship within the Fellowship that spreads in a widening circle through the general membership.

WINNIFRED PARKER,
Corresponding Secretary.

DICKENS BOOKPLATES.—Mr. Gilbert H. Doane, Director of the Library of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A., is desirous of exchanging Dickens bookplates with any reader of *The Dickensian*.

FRIENDS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE Trustees gratefully acknowledge donations of £5 from Mr. James W. McFadden, K.C., of Toronto, and £100 from Count de Suzannet, Lausanne. The latter gentleman, who has already enriched the House with its greatest treasures in manuscripts, took the opportunity of sending his donation to the new Secretary, Mr. Staples, as a little " white stone " memorial of the event, remarking in his letter that " with you at the helm of the Fellowship, at least one great English Institution and Tradition ought to weather the storm that will, alas, wreck so much of what is best in our human civilisation."

We are very grateful for this help from friends overseas : we know that friends at home have very many calls on their purse at this time ; but to you who read these lines, Dickens and the house he occupied at 48 Doughty Street must have a very special appeal, and we beg your immediate response to the scheme of annual subscriptions of five or ten shillings—or more—which are most urgently required ; the response at present has not been so ready as we had anticipated, neither from Branches nor from individual members, and we hope that readers of *The Dickensian* will come forward in their hundreds as annual subscribers, so that the first list, which we hope to publish in the June number, will be well worthy of the great cause we have so much at heart.

COMMUNITY WORK ON THE BOOK FOR THE SEASON

FROM the Christchurch (N.Z.) Branch we have received the following account of their study of the Book for the Season.

The book has been divided into sections, so that the whole should be covered within the year. For each section three leaders were chosen, each taking different chapters in the section.

Each leader is required to prepare any number of questions on his particular allotted portion, and to send them to the Secretary a fortnight before the meeting. These in turn are sent to members of his particular group for study. Thus everyone in the Fellowship is obliged to do his share. It might be added here that this community work has added greatly to the feeling of fellowship. The groups are changed from time to time to give members opportunity of knowing one another, and also to maintain an intellectual balance.

Group discussions in which all members take part are very interesting, and the " time " call is not always cordially received.

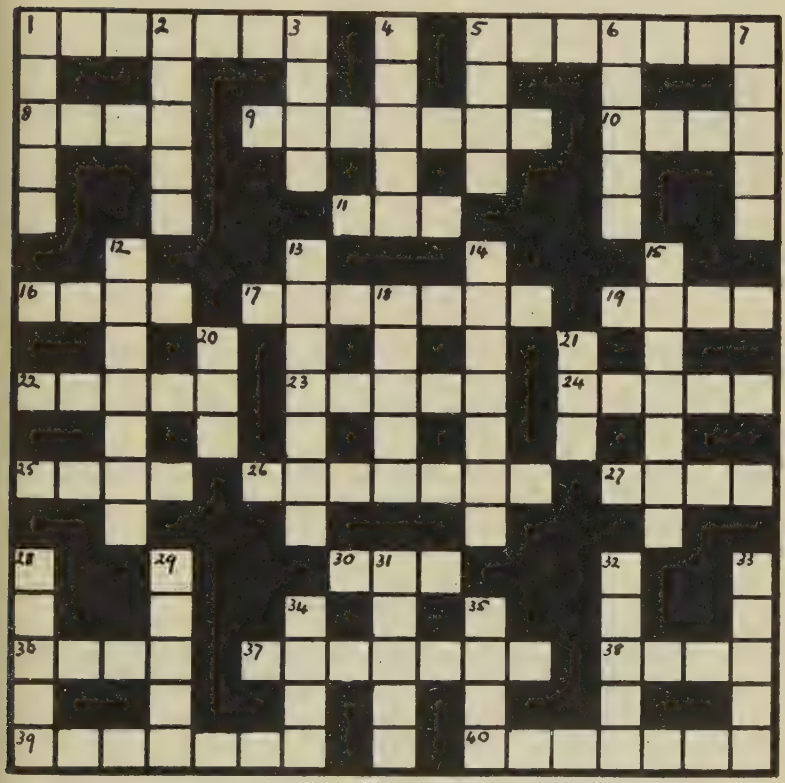
There follows a summing up. Each leader presents in turn to the assembled groups the general concensus of opinion of his particular group. In this way an intensive study of the whole book is made.

The following is an example of the questions set on Chapters 53-57 of *Nicholas Nickleby* :

1. Comment on the discussion in Chapter 53 between Nicholas and Madeline.
2. Select the best descriptive passage in the Chapters under review. Give reasons for your choice.
3. What opinions have you formed of Mrs. Nickleby when she discusses :

   (*a*) the disparity of age and marriage ; (*b*) the value of her ideas to her children ; (*c*) Mr. Frank Cheeryble and Kate ?

DICKENS CROSS-WORDS No. 2



By Mrs. Irene Baldwin.

ACROSS

1. Hannibal was his other name (7).
5. Her son's name was Twist (7).
8. A product of overcrowding, not unknown to blacking and waxwork (4).
9. This man should surely be crowned with one (7).
10. The umbrella woman (4).
11. Debonnair (3).
16. By no means a maiden-hair (4).
17. Without a "b" might still make holes, but would not be holy for all that (7).
19. Makes the butter fly in more senses than one (4).
22. He bore a g . . . . . against mankind ; and for his sins was ever on the t . . . . . (5).
23. Too old to be one (5).
24. The lighter side of Mugby Junction (5).
25. Turn and turn about with No. 10.
26. He "knew a great many carriages by sight" (7).
27. Small, but not the smaller part of his name (4).
30. Initials of honoured membership (3).
36. This undertaker nodded and lost an H (4).
37. Rob not the organ man (7).
38. Generally worse than bite (4).
39. He urgently entreated a certain young person "to go for fourpence" more (7).
40. Nose, or Holy Orders ? (7).

DOWN

1. A No. 37 across by proxy (5).
2. The answer is obviously this (5).
3. A tip-top valet (4).
4. Her father's name was Mills (5).
5. As sharp as 17 across without its middle (4).
6. "Yes, Ma," she replied in the once popular song (5).
7. "A young man by the name of" (5).
12. The meek nurse (7).
13. Add PI to 31 down (7).
14. Erk in pins (7).
15. A grim fellow with or without it (7).
18. Jefferson in one book, Lane in another (5).
20. Leo's home (3).
21. If Y were I this would be 151 (3).
28. There's an unsolved mystery here (5).
29. Not a song but a great-little-book (5).
31. An ideal companion for Susan Nipper (5).
32. His mother-in-law "took to her bed on hearing he would not eat fat" (5).
33. He was about when skies were dark (5).
34. The word of an ass (4).
35. What this man was of infamy (4).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Drawn by] [*Ed. F. Payne*

FROM THE HON. SECRETARY

DEAR SIR,

I should be glad if you would grant me a few lines in which to thank most sincerely all those who have sent me such very hearty congratulations and good wishes upon my appointment as Honorary Secretary to The Dickens Fellowship. It will be impossible adequately to answer them all. I have been deeply touched, and shall derive much encouragement from them in the great work that lies before me in trying to follow the high standard of my predecessors.

Sincerely yours,

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"A Yorkshire Village Link with *Nicholas Nickleby*," illustrated "Bradford Telegraph," November 11th.

"*A Christmas Carol*: Why Dickens Wrote It," by Bernard Darwin "John O'London's Weekly," December 29th.

"Christmas Spirit Interpreted by Dickens," by Arthur Sharp "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," December 23rd.

"What Happened to Scrooge?" by Rev. James Mackay. "Christian World," December 21st.

"Dickens and Hitler," by Monica Dickens. "The Universe," December 1st.

"Dickens as an Actor," by Dan Milton. "Chambers's Journal," January.

"Return to Dickens," by Bernard Darwin. "St. Martin's Review," January.

"Dickens Lives To-day," by G. Langelaan. "Daily Mail," Paris December 24th.

"Concerning the Barnacular," by Ivor Brown. "Manchester Guardian," January 6th.

"Debt of Christmas to Dickens's Genius," by J. V. McArec "Toronto Globe and Mail." December 25th.

"Aunts in Dickens," by W.C.B. "Birmingham Post," January 16th.

"Amesbury or Winterslow." "Salisbury Times," February 2nd and 9th.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

[All Branches in the United Kingdom appear to be carrying on, in most cases with truncated programmes, and in the afternoons, owing to the lighting restrictions. New programmes do not appear to have been printed, and the following particulars represent the activities of all those branches who have sent in the details].

BATH (Pump Room, 4 p.m.).
Mar. 2, 30—Reading Circle.
16—Lantern Lecture by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, "The Pickwicks of Bath."
April 13—"Dickens the Historian," by Mr. F. W. G. Thomas.
27, May 18—Reading Circle.
May 25—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE (Dickens Hall, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.).
Mar. 1, 15, 29—Sewing Guild.
8, 12, 22—Social Meetings.

LANCASTER.
Mar. 27—Annual Meeting.

LONDON.
Mar. 14—"Mr. Justice Talfourd, a Friend of Dickens," by Major N. G. Brett-James, M.A., B.Litt.
30—Ramble, conducted by Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller.
April 17—Aspects of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Miss D. Cooke and Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning.
20—Ramble, conducted by Mr. Mostyn Harper.

PHILADELPHIA.
Mar. 27—Meeting arranged by the Women Members.
April 24—Meeting arranged by the Men Members.
June 8—Annual Outing.

PLYMOUTH (Athenæum, 2.30 to 4.30 p.m.).
Mar. 9—Literary Meeting.

PRESTON.
Mar. 30—Children's Day.
April 13—"The Brontës," by Mr. D. G. Hopewell, M.A.
23—Annual Meeting.

TORONTO (Hart House Theatre).
Mar. 14—Scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Address by Rev. W. Harold Young, M.A.
April 11—Scenes from *A Tale of Two Cities*. Address by Mr. J. W. McFadden, K.C.

VANCOUVER.
Mar. 28—Address by Rev. A. E. Cooke.
April 25—Social Evening.
June 9—Annual Memorial Service.

VICTORIA.
Mar. 10—Address by Rev. Canon Connell.
April 15—Address by Mr. W. L. Llewellyn.
May 20—Annual Meeting.

SOLUTION TO DICKENS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, No. 1

(Page 63)

Across.—1, Nicholas Nickleby; 6, Alphonse; 8, Westlock; 9, Strong; 10, Robert; 11, Bebelle; 12, Crackit; 15, Demple; 16, Joe; 17, George; 22, Kwakley; 23, Dolloby; 25, Folair; 27, Tisher; 29, Trimmers; 30, Skimpole; 31, David Copperfield.

Down.—1, Nipper; 2, Slowboy; 3, Boodle; 4, Havisham; 5, Skettles; 7, Estella; 8, Waghorn; 11, Bleak; 13, Tugby; 14, Boz; 18, Redforth; 19, Meagles; 20, Hopkins; 21, Sparkler; 24, Startop; 26, Louisa; 28, Harold.

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by

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